DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE AND ITS KINDRED ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

"There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glories on the Autumn woods
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.

LONGFELLOW.

OCTOBER is the middle of autumn. Everything around us is sober, touched with a slight shade of sadness. The mirthful songs of the birds have ceased. The lambs are no longer frisking on the hill-side. The flowers have vanished from the sight. The rich green of the fields has changed to the "brown and sere." The autumnal flowers, nipped by the frost, are drooping their heads. But still October is one of the pleasantest months of the year. The sun, as its car ascends the sky, melts away the mist and haze of the early morning, and shines out bright and clear. All nature is in a state of repose. The productive labors of the season are over. The birds and insects have done their annual work, and are taking their rest. The cricket and the locust are lazily chirping in the field. The cattle are reposing in the shade, and chewing the cud of contentment. The vegetables have ripened their seeds, and secured the continuance of their species. The golden corn is perfecting its grain, and awaiting the sickle. The full-cheeked and ruddy apples are maturing their juicy pulp, under the chemical influences of the warm sunlight. The frosts has opened the burrs, and the nuts are dropping from the trees, and the busy squirrels are laying up their winter stores. The shy trout is sunning his glistening sides in the little open coves and bays of the brook, and the farmer is quietly and steadily gathering the latter harvest, and garnering it up for winter use.

As we look abroad over the fields, and up towards the hills, every object we behold is veiled in a delicate, filmy haze. 'Tis pleasant to stroll by the bank of the river, and along the margin of pond and meadow, and observe the gorgeous tints of the maple, the ash and the beech.

Our New England forests at this season present a picture peculiarly striking to the stranger from the old world, and from the South. In the tropical regions, animated nature wears a bright and gorgeous livery, and the birds and fruits reflect the rays of the sun like golden balls, among the deep green foliage, while the birds and fruits of our clime are clothed in more sober costume; but the rich, varied and brilliant hues of our forests, in the early autumn, rival the splendors of the tropical birds and fruits. But this glorious coloring will soon pass away, and the "coat of many colors" that now clothes the forests, will fade into a russet brown, growing paler and paler as a premonition of the white covering that will soon spread, like a winding-sheet, over forest and plain, while nature reposes in the death-like sleep of winter. How wonderful, and how varied are the operations of nature, and how worthy of the study of rational and intelligent beings! The seed germinates in the spring, and pushes its radicle into the soil, and its plumule into the atmosphere, that it may draw nourishment from both. First the blade appears, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. The matured seed drops into the soil, and either takes root, like the grain of wheat, preparatory for the growth of the next year, or folded in its many-plied pericarp, remains in the ground till the warmth and mois-

ture of the succeeding spring wake it into life and activity. Perhaps the freezing and thawing of winter may be needed to open the rigid ligneous covering in which it is sealed up, as is the case with the seeds of the nut and the peach.

The buds of the tree unfold in the spring, and however high it may rear its lofty head, or however wide it may spread its sturdy arms, it is in a brief space of time clothed in beauty and when it has formed and matured its fruits and seeds, it does not cease from its labor, but diligently forms the fruit buds for the coming year, and accumulates materials for their organization and development.

Nature has made wonderful provision for the propagation and preservation of plants. Some are propagated only by the seeds, others by the roots, by layers, by grafting and by budding. The seeds of some are furnished with wings, that they may be transported to spots suitable for their growth; some are enveloped in coverings so impenetrable that they are not easily acted upon even in the stomachs of birds and animals, so that they may be carried by them to distant places, and distributed over the surface of the soil.

October is a good season to study the habits of the seed-bearing grains and plants, and to observe the varied and curious provisions which are made for the security and distribution of their seeds.

The evenings are getting long, and invite to neighborhood visits and social gatherings. The old-fashioned *husking-bees*, as they were called, seem to be getting out of date, at least, in our vicinity. Should the lads and lasses unite in a protest against the introduction of husking machines, as the Kilkenny laborers have against mowing machines, we should be almost tempted to join them. Those were glorious times when we used to go to huskings in our young days. All the girls and young men in the neighborhood would assemble in high glee. The lantern suspended from the end of the long pitchfork thrust into the haymow, gave just light enough to enable us to pick up the ears of corn, as we sat or stood around the golden pile.

In those days, the girls did not wear crinolines, and a fellow could get within arm's length of them. Sometimes, when the company was large, or the space small, we were compelled to sit or stand close together, and this mightily increased the sociability, if not the amount of work done, on these occasions. When the husking was over, about ten o'clock, the sport was by no means done. We have never enjoyed any suppers since, as we did those suppers with the girls after huskings. The newly-baked bread and sweet butter, the baked sweet apples, the pumpkin pies, and other fixings, disappeared with amazing rapidity. Sometimes we had tea or coffee, and sometimes sweet cider. One farmer, we remember, always gave us a drink of metheglin. We wonder how many of our readers can tell what metheglin is. After supper and a song, or a dance, or both, we had to gallant the girls to their homes. This was always a pleasant walk by moonlight—and when there was no moon, it was none the less so, provided, always, we had managed to get the girl of our choice.

Those good old times have deeply impressed themselves upon our memory. We ne'er shall look upon their like again. Even the old pumpkin pies themselves are not half so common as in the time of those sports and customs, and the pumpkin itself is not cultivated half so much as its intrinsic value deserves. Sweet cider is esteemed a rarity, but those moonlight walks, about the noon of night, were the greatest rarity of all!

The old soldier

> ——"shoulders his crutch
> And shows how fields were won,"

so we, in imagination, revisit the scenes of our youth, and recall many of the pleasant occasions and joyous emotions which were then present realities, and perhaps this reference to them may set some of our older readers rummaging among the memories of the past; and if it should call up some long-forgotten incidents, some delightful moonlight walks, during which the parties agreed to walk together through the remainder of life's journey; if it should suggest to some grandfather a good story for his grandchildren,—if it should even be the occasion of one good batch of pumpkin pies, who will say that we have made it in vain!

Bee Harvests.—There are for the bee three harvest seasons every year,—spring, summer and autumn. If only one of these yield abundantly, the bees will secure a supply for all of their prospective wants; and so likewise if all three are only moderately good. When they can gather plentifully during two of them, they secure a supply and a surplus; and when all three yield amply there will be a superabundance of stores. As a general rule, destitution or starvation will only occur among bees which are diseased or mismanaged; especially when by improper or excessive pruning in the spring they are constrained to use for comb-building the avails of the early harvest, and the latter ones prove to be meagre.—*American Bee Journal.*

Dried Sweet Corn.—Now is the time to dry sweet corn for winter use; and if dried properly who is there that don't like it. Take the best ears, cut from the cobs, and spread in dishes or tins, and put in the stove oven and beneath the stove. It will dry in a very short time. Don't scald it as some recommend who don't know any better. It is much better without, will dry just as quick.—*Exchange.*

For the New England Farmer.

A LEISURE HOUR.

MR. EDITOR:—Being in your goodly city the other day, and having a little time on my hands after disposing of all other business, I went to the Agricultural Rooms of Nourse, Mason & Co. I had been there before, and always with increased interest; this great show-room of active brain has peculiar charms for me. I know of no better place to spend a leisure hour, and to get posted up in the progress of farming matters, than a visit to these rooms. I will say nothing about your own sanctum, Mr. Editor. I fear, however, I should not have so free a run in the latter as I am permitted to enjoy in the former.

Let others talk about their half-horse and half-alligator, and humbug the people out of their honest quarters by the mermaid, if they will visit this museum of agricultural implements and come away and not say the visit was worth twenty-five cents, then they ought to be humbugged. Here were implements in abundance of all kinds, materials, shapes and sizes—of many of which I could not guess the use—not only pertaining to the out-door arrangements of farm labor, but the in-door as well, showing that our gallant inventors do not forget that angelic woman, the farmer's help-meet, has a place in their active brain—but proof that she has an important part to play in the drama of the farm.

In going about the large hall I was continually amazed with the vast amount of mind which is being constantly exerted for the benefit of the farmer in all his departments of labor; the evidence was too palpable not to be understood, and that farmer must be a dull and stupid man indeed, who cannot this year carry on his business better, cheaper, and all things considered, with increased results, than at any previous time.

Every department of mechanical invention is being exerted for his profit—air, earth and water are elements brought to his command, to take the place of human muscle; and it is for each one to decide for himself whether he will keep up, in spirit and practice, with the times, by availing himself of means at command, and prove that farming is profitable, or neglecting these means, plod on as his fathers did, and know farming to be a hard and not a very paying business, as his experience proves it.

Everything, now-a-days, seems to go on the high pressure principle; and if the "biler does bust" now and then, it is no proof that the principle is not a sound one—by no means; there may have been some defect in the "biler," or there was too much pressure of steam. The way I look at things, a man had better "bust," provided he don't kill anybody, than not go at all. I hope the reader appreciates my argument.

My idea is this. The farmer who would be successful, happy, contented and get money, must love his profession, be a man among men and take advantage of every means at command. He must be active, wide awake, and well read in his profession, which implies enough to occupy all his leisure time. He must adopt new methods of culture, which implies also that he should experiment a little, enough, to say the least, to test the new before quitting the old methods, and to bring out a new idea now and then. He should avail himself of all new and approved implements his wants require and his means admit of—remembering his "better half."

In fact, *my* man should be the "up and dressed," active, intelligent, progressive farmer. I am glad to know that the list of such is constantly enlarging all over the North and West—men whom no profession can honor, but who honor their profession. Reader, shall we put your name down?

King Oak Hill, 1861. N. Q. T.

For the New England Farmer.

DOGS.

MR. EDITOR:—Your correspondent "J. C. D." says, "I know nothing of dogs, and am unable to appreciate their virtues." I reply, that I know them to be a nuisance, and have never yet discovered their virtues. As a curse to the Commonwealth, they stand, in an economical point of view, next to rum! and their control and management form one of the most difficult subjects of legislation. The present law is better than nothing, but under it but few will venture into the business of sheep breeding.

I believe there is but one remedy for the mischief done by dogs, and that consists in passing a stringent law prohibiting their running at large. Under such a law "J. C. D." could study their virtues at home, and keep any number he pleased for the purpose. He would only be restrained in trespassing upon other people's rights. He could fill his own premises with dogs, while his neighbor could occupy his with sheep, protected by severe penalties. If a man wants a watch dog, let him be confined, as any other dangerous animal should be.

My illiberality consists in a desire to protect my property and person from the attacks of a worthless race of beasts, in whom are combined the bad qualities of the wolf, the catamount, and the rattle-snake. C.

THE BEAVER IN LONDON.

The visitors at Regent's Park, London, are very happy in the enjoyment of a beaver. *All the Year Round* says of him:

"This beaver seems perpetually happy. He has constructed his own abode with materials thrown over into his enclosure, and goes on thus reconstructing and altering it for ever. The superintendent communicates it to first gentleman, who retails it to second, and so on, that this beaver is so fond of his house that though he managed on one occasion to get out of his enclosure and down to the banks of the neighboring canal in the dead of the night, he was yet found next morning back in his legitimate domain, and working away at his 'improvements' as hard as ever. He is a lively chap at night, and was not the least disconcerted by the presence of the party gathered round him, but was, on the contrary, so tremendously busy in doing nothing and then undoing it again, still keeping his eye upon the four gentlemen who had come to see him, that third gentleman was heard at last to remark to fourth gentleman that he 'looked upon this animal as an imposter, and believed he was doing it all for effect.'"

For the New England Farmer.

A PLEASANT HOME.

BY JUDGE FRENCH.

While our friends and brothers are prospecting on the "sacred soil" of Virginia, it seems perhaps very dull to talk or read of anything but battles and the chances of war; but of what, do you suppose, are the dreams, both sleeping and waking of the brave boys, who have left New England homes to defend our rights, composed? What are the pictures, that oftenest pass before the minds, either in memory or anticipation, of the soldier who has left his boyhood's rural haunts, as he paces back and forth on his dreary night-watch, or whiles away the sultry day under a tropical sky? He is always ready for the fight, but days and weeks pass away, with no enemy in sight, and scenes of blood and carnage have no charms for his fancy. His mind is ever busy, wandering back homeward.

Home, whether with wife and children, or *Home* at the paternal homestead—*Home* is where the heart is. A New England home means much. Within the past hour, we conversed with a soldier from Middlesex county, just from the seat of war in Virginia. "Many of our boys are farmers," said he, "and we have been finding out how they carry on their farms down there. Some of them have not used any manure for a dozen years, and everything is out of order. If we Yankees had them, how soon we would make splendid farms of them. They don't keep their places neat, as we do; they don't look much like *home*."

As things are going, it would not be strange if many a New England soldier should, after the war is over, return to Virginia, and there build up his home, and with a vote and a musket ready always to maintain the right, help to answer the question, "How will this war end?"

A New Englander who thinks of home, when far away, recalls, not the dull routine of labor on its hard soil, not the hard struggle with nature to invest from her a not very liberal subsistence, but he thinks of the neatly painted house, with trees which his own or his father's hands have planted, shading it from the summer's heat; of the broad street in the village, overhung with ancient, drooping elms, where the boys and girls played in the evening; of the "green" by the school-house or church; of the neighbor's house a half mile away, where *somebody* waited for him at twilight, with a loving smile, to walk in the lane by the moonlight. Memory is very kind to us, in thus keeping in the foreground of her pictures the scenes most pleasing.

But this is one of Nature's laws, that not the length, but the intensity of the impression shall be the measure of its influence on the life. The day may be passed in weary toil, and be mingled with many others like it, in a sort of indistinct background, while the mere glimpse of loved ones, coming out upon the green sward to welcome our return, with eyes that "mark our coming, and look brighter when we come," may imprint a sunlight picture on the heart, that will never be effaced. A pleasant home is the secret of many a boy's purity, and many a man's prosperity, yet how slight a circumstance may mar its harmony. We knew a man once who had a fancy for black snakes, and who amused himself by keeping one at his door, but he soon found that nobody would call on him. The snake was confined and harmless, but the descendants of Mother Eve have a horror of serpents, and instinctively avoid their haunts. Many a house has some kind of a serpent in it, or at its door, and small or great, nobody thinks of anything at that house but the serpent. It may be a cross-grained, ill-natured father, who frowns the life out of the family, hushing every ringing laugh of childhood at his approach, and ruining your appetite at table with groans about hard times, or fierce political; declamation or it may be an over-worked, fretful mother, whose nerves are strained up like fiddle-strings sadly out of tune, who cannot help scolding continually, though she does not know it, and who "kicks the wee stool o'er the mickle," as naturally as the lightning strikes, just to let off the surplus electricity; or again, it may be but a little snake in the shape of a froward, conceited, spoiled child, large or small, foolishly suffered to run at large, and have its own disagreeable way.

Somebody says, with regard to dress, that you should always have a central point, as an elegant cravat or vest, or for a lady, a costly pin or bracelet, with which all the rest should be made to harmonize, so as to produce one agreeable impression as a whole. Everybody knows how a single gross blunder, even in the small matter of dress, offends good taste, and how you strive in vain to forget some mere awkwardness of manner or expression in a person whom you really esteem.

To make home pleasant, small things must be carefully attended to. A note or two of music may have little importance apart from the rest, but an omission of them from a tune may destroy its harmony. Many homes in the country are cheerless for the want of indulgence in simple matters of taste. Men who can readily enough find money for showy horses and carriages, and observatories on their barns, often restrict their wives and daughters, whose better taste would adorn their houses at trifling cost, with graceful articles of furniture, or with well chosen engrav-

ings of models of ancient art, and thus give a higher expression of comfort to the household. The puritanic taste of our forefathers, which was content with the huge square houses, with the largest half unfinished, still lingers with their sons, though their daughters have nearly outgrown it.

Our purpose, however, was to speak of the outward adorning of the house, or rather of what may be called its dress. Trees and grass are almost as cheap as air, and yet they are the chief ornaments of a country house. In general, flowers should be cultivated in the garden, and not in the yards around the house. It requires great labor and care to keep even a small flower-garden neat enough to be an ornament. Nothing is so beautiful and grateful to the eyes, as a well kept lawn, with scattered native trees upon it. The beauty of a lawn consists in its being even and constantly green. To be even, it need not be level, but may be sloping or undulating according to its position, but it should be graded and kept, so that the grass may be mown close to the ground. To be always green, the soil must be deep, though it need not be very rich, and above all, it must be cut so often as never to run up into stalks, much less to head out.

About five cuttings in a year will be found sufficient in New England, and three of those will be about twelve days apart in spring. If after each cutting a roller be passed over it to press down the little bunches caused by worms and insects, and by frost, the grass may be cut much closer and the effect will be better. Common red-top with white clover are better than all other grasses, in our opinion, for lawns. A little care to remove at first, all witch-grass and weeds will be necessary, and then a light top-dressing of compost or ashes, once in three years, will keep it green forever.

A lawn thus kept, with here and there an elm and rock maple, and, if there is room enough, an occasional group of white pines or hemlocks, is one of the most pleasing pictures in nature, and if it be set in a frame of buckthorn or arbor vitæ, in the form of a hedge, the finish is complete. The boys who have gone out from homes where peace reigns within and harmony and grace spread all around, bear in their memory a charm which will keep them safe through many trials and temptations, and which like a loadstone will direct the steps homeward, when the occasion which has called them away has ceased to exist.

CURE FOR POTATO DISEASE.—The London *Times* publishes a list of remedies for the potato disease. The most efficacious is one discovered by "C., of Hornsey," which consists in pressing down the haulm thus: "He set his potatoes in a double row instead of single, the two rows occupying a foot in width, with a foot of vacant space outside each row. They were planted on the level, and hoed up at the usual time. Now comes the important step: When the haulm had reached its full growth, about the 1st of July, he turned it over right and left towards the vacant spaces, by adding earth between the rows and pressing down the haulm, so as to drive it from the erect position, and allow the rain instead of descending to the roots, to run off upon the vacant space." Not one in a hundred perished.

BARNS AND MANURE.

Extracts from an address delivered by C. L. FLINT, Esq., Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, at Springfield, at the Hampshire County Show in 1860.

The progress of farming has been comparatively slow, and therefore men have hesitated to trust to the "sure and firm-set earth," for the return of a proper per centage on capital invested in farming enterprises.

The corporation of a turnpike, or a branch railroad, has had a larger credit than the farm, among farmers themselves, and the first considerable sum that can be spared is invested in these, rather than in real and permanent improvements which would not fail to be more profitable in the end, than any such stock to be found in the country.

This distrust of the soil and the promise of a beneficent Father has led to the pernicious impression, that farming will not pay, and hence many young men have sought other means of support. They do not wish to slave themselves for a life-time, they say, and get nothing for it at last. But let such look around them for an answer. They will see some rising to an honorable competence, by industry and application to farming alone; they will see farms freer from mortgages, and farmers enjoying the comforts and luxuries of wealth, and educating their families from the proceeds of their occupation alone. I think a limited survey even will lead them to the conclusion that farming will pay as well as any other calling where the risks are so slight, if the farm be properly and judiciously managed.

It should be borne in mind that those who fail in farming, are generally men who would fail in anything else. It is thriftless indolence alone that need anticipate a failure.

* * * There are in the State, (Mass.) more than 75,000 barns. It is thought that five cords of manure—of 102 4-5 bushels each—is a small allowance for each of these barns, since, in many towns and in some entire counties, the average is considerably greater. But suppose it to be five cords—or about seventeen loads of thirty bushels each—this manure may be estimated at three dollars a cord. In some counties from four to six dollars can be obtained without much difficulty, and that, too, where the purchaser is obliged to haul it a distance of five or ten miles, as is often the case. But putting the price at only three dollars, and the number of barns at only 75,000, and the number of cords to each at only five, all of which are thought to be small estimates, the number of cords now made in the

State would be 375,000, which may be valued at at $1,125,000. The best judges think that an increase of one hundred per cent. might easily be made, on an average, throughout the State, with a reasonable degree of care and attention. If this be true, the Commonwealth annually suffers a loss of $1,125,000, at least, by neglect in this single department.

For the New England Farmer.

HOW TO BUILD CISTERNS.

In the *Farmer* of January 5, I noticed directions for excavating cisterns which appear very absurd to me, as being 5×15 ft. on top and excavated with a slope so as to be 9 in. wide on the bottom and 4 ft. deep, it would hold very little water for the amount of labor and material used. The surfaces being flat, would be very easily forced in by any accidental pressure from without, whereas if they run on a circle it would be an arch not likely to fail. Now I think there is only one right way to build a cistern, which is this: Draw a circle 10 ft. in diameter, and excavate 3 ft., then draw a circle 8 ft. in diameter and excavate 8 or 10 ft., if the earth will stand up safe, and plaster with two coats of good cement; but if it be loose gravel, dig one foot more or less, at a time, and plaster as you go, with quite soft mortar, and at times it may be necessary to hold it on a moment until it sets. When the sides are completed, shove the top sloping inwards, and lay a course of brick in cement, leaving a hole wherever a conductor is to be inserted, then follow with other courses drawing over rapidly so as not to reach an elevation of more than 18 inches, where the hole is in the centre, say 24 inches diamter, plastering the outside, and treading the earth in firmly around the base of the arch as you go, to prevent it spreading. Build a square chimney (a little larger than the hole in the arch, so that a lid can be dropped in loosely, or it will swell so that it cannot be got out,) to the top of the ground, and finish with frame and trap-door in the middle for dirt to settle in* and lay a flat stone. Smooth the bottom, with a sink where the pump pipe goes, and plaster with a good thick coat of cement, about the consistency of thick whitewash, and it is done, probably, for all time. The waste pipe should lead into a "hole in the ground" filled wi h loose stone, as if it goes out on the surface bugs and toads will crawl into the cistern, and the air will circulate through and freeze in winter. The water in a cistern of this description is as sweet and cold as the best well water, unless impregnated by new shingles.

Quechee, Aug., 1861.

* Being all the filter that is of any practical use.

McDougall's Disinfecting Powder.—This is an English preparation, and of wonderful efficacy in the various places where we have used it. In the sick chamber, in hospitals, in the army and navy, dissecting room, and all similar places, it must prove of great value. The only agency that we know of is that of James R. Nichols & Co., 12 Kilby St., Boston.

THE WEEDER.

"The servant earnestly desireth the shadow."—Job.

"The morn is past, and yet the weeds are thick,
And the fierce August sun pours on me burningly,
O God!" she said, "send, send that shadow quick,
Which I desire so yearningly.

"For me the heat and burden of the day,
And a stern master who doth show no lenity;
For him rich pleasure-lands stretch far away,
With groves of cool serenity.

"Above his meadows, into golden air,
The rounded knoll uplifts its green protuberance,
The ripening harvests wave and toss their hair,
In golden-tressed exuberance.

"There are cool woodlands, in whose dusk arcades
The very noonday seems of twilight emulous;
No heat wins there, but, in the silent glades,
The silent dews hang tremulous.

"There the tall tulip crests the glorious scene,
The stately monarch of those sylvan palaces;
And its strong arms, like priests in ferial green,
Lift up their golden chalices.

"Through the thick leaves the tempered sunbeams sift,
And pleasant shades are o'er the sward distributed;
There worms may crawl; there thistle-down may drift;
And I—I am prohibited.

"I faint with toil; yet keep my faith to all,
Though none save God, regardeth me observantly.
Father!" she cried, "when will that shadow fall,
For which I pine so fervently?"

Then came a shadow; but 'twas icy cold,
As of some swart, dread angel o'er her hovering;
It wreathed around her with voluminous fold,
And wrapped her in its covering.

Chill though it was, she hailed it with a smile;
And, worn by years and grief and long infirmity,
Lay down beneath it, slept a little while,
And wakened in eternity. *Putnam's Monthly.*

WILD BEE-HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.

I am indebted to my brother, who has been a resident for twenty years in various parts of Australia, for the following account of the mode employed by the aborigines in obtaining the wild honey of the stingless bees that are found in some parts of the interior of that continent. These bees, which are about the size of our common house-flies, build their combs (composed of globular cells) in the hollow of trees. The black, who is desirous of obtaining the honey, betakes himself to the side of some water-course, having provided himself with a slender stick. He has also a little piece of fine down, picked off the leaves of a common plant, which he has previously twisted into a point at one end, and dipped into the sticky juice obtained by breaking the stem of another weed. Thus armed, he fills his mouth with water, and when he sees a bee alight on the margin of a pool to drink he discharges the mouthful of water over it in a fine shower, and thus by wetting the wings of the bee prevents its flight. He then allows it to crawl upon the stick, and when the wings are nearly dry, and the bee is preparing to fly away, he attaches the pointed end of the light tuft of down to the back of the insect, by means of the sticky point. This by impeding the rapidity of its flight, and by rendering it more conspicuous, enables the savage to pursue it to the hollow tree containing the

comb. The honey is described as being of a peculiarly limpid character, and of very good quality; it frequently is to be found on the tables of the settlers in the interior, and used as an article of luxury by them. This honey is found in the forests of the interior. My brother saw some which had been procured 500 miles inland from Sydney.—*Letter from Australia.*

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

We have already given one or two articles on the *culture of the strawberry*, but as the subject is one in which everybody is interested, and as not *one-tenth* of our people are yet supplied with this delicious fruit, we copy the two popular modes of culture as given in *Hovey's Magazine*, for August. We are confident they will be acceptable to a large portion of our readers.

"We shall now detail the two modes pursued by the cultivators around Boston. We say two, for there may be others, but we take such as we have witnessed, and these comprise the Belmont system, and that pursued by Mr. Scott, and some others.

The Belmont growers prepare their ground well by some crop the previous year to planting. They manure well, plow deep, and set out their plants in April or May. These are planted in single rows, *about a foot apart in the row*, and *just four feet from row to row*, running the whole width and length of the ground, with an occasional cross alley of three feet for easy access to the centre of the field. The ground is kept clean until the runners begin to spread rapidly towards the last of June, when no more labor is required during the season, other than to pull out a few weeds, for the young plants so quickly and completely cover the ground that very few weeds will start up. By the autumn, the whole ground will be covered, when a walk about a foot wide is cleared out in the middle of the rows, leaving solid beds of plants just three feet wide. This walk is for the pickers to stand in, also to afford air and light to the plants. On the approach of winter the beds are covered with meadow hay, which is removed in the spring, except that in the walks between the beds, which is left undisturbed in order to keep the fruit clean.

The fruit begins to ripen about the middle of June, and is usually all gathered by the 10th of July, when the beds are immediately turned under with the plow, a new plantation made in the spring supplying the crop for the next year. The next spring the land is well manured and planted with potatoes or some other crop, and the following year is ready for another plantation of strawberries.

This is the mode now pursued by the best Belmont cultivators with the Hovey's Seedling, and though an old plan, pursued by English cultivators as we have above shown, it was entirely original here with Mr. J. O. Locke, who first tried it, and with so much success that nearly all follow it. The old plan was to keep the beds two or three years, and this is still followed by those who raise the Old Virginia.

As regards fertilizers, the Belmont growers plant six rows of Hovey's Seedling, and then one or two rows of Jenny Lind, Boston Pine or Brighton Pine. These are ample to thoroughly fertilize the plants. These sorts are subjected to the same treatment,—all plowed up after one crop. More complete details of the Belmont plan will be found in our volume for 1859.

The system pursued by Mr. Scott and some of the extensive Brighton growers is different. It is as follows: The beds are marked out *three feet apart*, with an alley of a foot, (which is just the same as the Belmont growers allow;) but two rows of plants are set out in each bed, instead of one; these are planted about nine inches from the edge, leaving a space of about eighteen inches between the two rows. The plants are allowed to cover all the ground, (three feet wide,) the runners in the walks being cleared away.

The treatment the first year is just as we have detailed with the Belmont growers. But instead of plowing up the beds after the first crop, they are allowed to stand the second year, keeping them clean and removing superfluous runners. The crop the second year is good, but not equal to the first; after that they are plowed up and the ground cultivated a year or two with some crop, when it is again occupied with strawberries.

The difference in the two modes is this. The fruit of the Belmont growers is in the highest perfection every year, (except injury from drouth,) with less labor in planting the beds at first, and in keeping down the weeds the second year. By the Belmont plan, there is a crop every other year; by the Brighton plan, two crops in three years. But it is believed that the extra size and product of the Belmont system will yield a much greater profit than the inferior size and diminished product of the second year on the Brighton plan. What the exact crop of Mr. Scott is per acre, taking the two years, we do not know, but the crop of Mr. Wellington was 4100 quarts in 1859, 4000 in 1860, and this year, in consequence of the dry weather, less than 3500. The difference in the expense of culture is, we should suppose, not large; but the crop must be much smaller and inferior the second year.

For the New England Farmer.

DOGS.

Pray keep up your war upon dogs. Show no quarter to the worthless beast. Why should New England lose millions annually by dogs? Sheep are nearly exterminated in Massachusetts. Mutton is high, and we need all the wool we can produce. We have a great extent of territory that can be profitably devoted to sheep raising, but the dogs forbid it; there is but one way of getting rid of the nuisance. Pass a law prohibiting their running at large, and allow any one to shoot them where so found. Why give a bounty for wolves and wild cats, while you allow protection to the dogs that do more damage in one year than all the wild animals in the State do in ten? If a man wants a dog, let him keep the creature on his own premises, and go at large at his peril. Why let dogs run in the highways any more than cattle? In the towns around Boston no cow is allowed to run at large, yet a cow is a harmless animal compared to a dog. Down with them.

C.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

DESIGN FOR A VILLAGE RESIDENCE, BY GEO. E. HARNEY, LYNN, MASS.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

The accompanying is offered as one of a series of designs intended to supply a want that has long been felt, of suitable models and plans for plain, compact and inexpensive residences, convenient in plan and appropriate in style for town lots or situations on thickly settled suburban streets.

The construction of this design is of wood, and in style it partakes chiefly of the Italian character. It is two full stories in height—without attics—and measures thirty feet on each side, exclusive of the porch at the front entrance and a small one-story addition in the rear for a pantry and sink-room. The roof is nearly flat and is surmounted by an observatory, which is the most prominent feature of the design. Between the roof and the ceiling of the chambers under it is ample space for ventilating the whole house.

The first story measures ten feet high in the clear, the second is nine feet, and the cellar, extending under the whole house, is seven feet in height.

CONSTRUCTION.—The frame is composed of spruce timbers—all except the sills, which should be of pine. The following are the dimensions:—Posts 4 inches by 8 inches and 21 feet high; sills 8 by 8; girths 4 by 8; plates 4 by 6; braces 3 by 5, (diagonal pieces bracing the posts to sills, girths and plates where necessary;) studs 2 by 4 and 16 inches from centres, (i. e. from the centre of one to the centre of its neighbor;) window and door studs 3 by 4; principal floor joists 4 by 10 and 4 by 9; common floor joists 2 by 10 and 2 by 9, and 18 inches from centre; trimmers and leaders 3 by 10 and 3 by 9, (timbers running along side of chimneys, staircase, &c.;) rafters 2 by 9. All the floors should be cross bridged in lengths of over twelve feet.

The walls, roof and all under floors may be covered with hemlock boards. The outside and inside finish should of clear, sound pine. The roofs may be covered with tin and painted, or with one of the patent cements now much used. Hammond's mastic roofing is recommended, the cost being five cents per foot, while that of tin is ten cents per foot. The walls are to be covered with pine clapboards, laid not over 4½ inches to the weather.

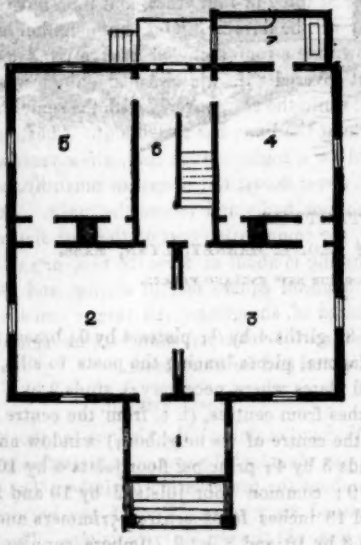
INSIDE FINISH.—The walls and ceilings are to be lathed, plastered and skim-coated. The wood work is to be of pine; the door and window trim-

mings and base of the porch, parlor, sitting-room and both front chambers to be ornamented with a simple finish moulding, while throughout the rest of the house they are to be perfectly plain.

DOORS.—The outside front door is to be in two parts folding together, with the upper panels glazed with a single plate each. The size is 4 ft. by 8. All the principal inside doors are to measure 2 ft. 10 inches by 6 ft. 10in. and 1⅜ in. thick. The rest are 2 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. 6 in., and 1⅜ in. thick, with a raised panel.

WINDOWS.—All the windows are to be double hung with pulleys and weights. The sashes are to be of pine, glazed with best quality of German glass, four panes to each window; each pane in the lower story to be 16 by 32 in., and in the chambers 16 by 30 in.

All the closets are to be fitted with shelves and drawers or hooks for clothing. The pantry is to have a sink with pump and cupboard, besides shelves and hooks.



ACCOMMODATION.—The vestibule—No. 1 on the plan—is 6 ft. by 8 ft., and opens into No. 2, the sitting-room and No. 3, the parlor, each measuring 13 ft. by 14 ft., and connected together by folding doors, so that when necessary both rooms can be thrown into one large apartment, 13 ft. by 28 ft. 8 in. No. 4 is the kitchen, measuring 10 ft. by 15 ft. and furnished with two closets beside the pantry, No. 7. (The door between the kitchen and parlor should be omitted.)

No. 5 is the dining-room, of the same size as the kitchen, and provided with a good sized china closet on the right of the chimney, while on the left is a passage connecting it with the sitting-room.

The hall, No. 6, opens into the several rooms and out upon a gallery in the rear, from which steps descend to the yard.

The second floor contains four chambers, a bathing-room and six large closets.

COST.—This house, built in the manner above described, would cost in the neighborhood of $1900. It has already been built for a less sum, but the mechanic who contracted for the job, would not build another for less than the sum above named.

For the New England Farmer.

ARMY WORM.

In various parts of Maine and Massachusetts we begin to hear of the depredations of the army worm. It is to be hoped this new enemy in your midst will be of short duration. We have for years past, heard of its ravages with the cotton plant at the South. Now the great and important point is, to learn where and from whence it came? At Danvers it appears in the barley field of Benj. F. Porter, Esq. Then again, 100 miles east, at Biddeford, Maine; then again, at Bangor, 140 miles farther east. In the two latter places, it is not stated in the items of your paper whether they appeared in grain fields or elsewhere. The sudden appearance of this vermin at points so distant, is marvellous, indeed, but before I close I will suggest a hint.

We also learn that the "wheat midge," or louse, has made a profuse onslaught on the spring wheat. This should teach the wisdom of sowing winter wheat without delay. The earlier it ripens next year, the less liable to danger from insects as well as rust.

But, to the question of these new enemies in my grain fields. Was the seed imported? Did it come from the Patent Office, the South, or the West, or was it raised in your neighborhood? This is easily ascertained and worth investigating. That the eggs, or *pupa*, of various insects may be distributed the world over in seeds, there can be no doubt. Hence the necessity of preparing seed grains in salt pickle for 12 hours, and as a further safeguard, rake it when wet in ashes or lime. It quickens and insures the germinating powers so desirable in a dry time, even should no other advantage be gained.

In 1846 I was presented with a half bushel Chili wheat, a beautiful heavy grain. Before sowing it, in September, I put it into a tub of salt pickle and stirred it. Instantly arose to the surface nearly a pint of a tough, brown crustaceous vermin, that was neither bug or worm, with a snout like an elephant, many legs, bristly body, half an inch in length, and not easily rubbed out of existence by pressure of the foot. There was no appearance of this insect when the grain was turned into the pickle. It then occured to me, I had luckily escaped a serious trouble—*just imported from Chili!* The next season, when the grain was in the milk, I found three or four worms of a beautiful chintz color, similar to those described by our worthy and scientific friend, Doct. Sanborn, of Andover in the *Farmer* of late date. [Mr. Sanborn, who recently described the wheat midge, in the *Farmer*, is a son of "our worthy and scientific friend, Doct. Sanborn, of Andover."

The Doctor died some two years ago. The son is filling his place as rapidly as possible in the department of scientific inquiry.—Ed.] I was particularly struck by the beautiful, brilliant colorings of these stranger worms, having never seen their like before—at that time. I came to the conclusion it was the offspring of the crustaceous insect here described.

That much mischief may arise from imported seed, and that caution should be used before putting it into the ground, must be evident to all concerned. How is it possible that a wheat field should be infested with weevil the first year of its being sowed, and perhaps the first ever put on the farm, unless it should be brought in the grain? Will some of your scientific readers, east or west, enlighten the farmer on this subject of weevil—as Mr. Fowler proposes to do on the habits of the army worm? We look anxiously for his communications. H. Poor.

For the New England Farmer.

LETTER FROM THE HOMESTEAD.

BY JUDGE FRENCH.

Chester, N. H., Aug. 13, 1861.

My Dear Brown:—A rainy day in the country, in summer, is a useful institution, not only because it helps on the potato crop and fall feed, but because it gives us, who have run away from the city for a few weeks, and do not mean to do much but play till we return, an opportunity to collect our scattered thoughts, and note down our observations of things about us. My play, this vacation, is very much like what some people would call work, but it answers my purpose for recreation much better than hanging round fashionable watering places. I am engaged in what every farmer must try his hand at sooner or later,

REPAIRING OLD BUILDINGS.

And let me advise every man, especially in the country, to teach his boys the use of carpenters' tools. A work-shop, with a bench and a variety of good tools, is a necessity on a farm, and a comfort and economical arrangement, at any home.

The old homestead has many monuments of our handiwork about it; and in that word *our*, with myself, I include of course, yourself and my two brothers. The well-house and fixtures by which, with a stone at one end and the "iron-bound bucket" at the other, of a rope running over a wheel, we draw up water that is cool and fresh, and not poisoned with lead nor tainted with dead fish—that was, I think, our joint production. I have an impression that you and brother Edmund did most of the hard work, except the shingling and splicing the rope, in which we allowed the Major to think he excelled, while I did the general superintending! My opinion is that it is the best way ever yet invented for drawing water to drink. As I was about to say, they who know how to use tools, keep their houses in order. Their doors do not catch at top or bottom, so as to require a kick to open them, their gates are not off the hinges, their wives do not scold because the pump runs down, or the handle comes off of the coffee-mill; in short, they know how to "put things to rights" and keep them so.

ABOUT SHINGLING.

Experience is the best teacher, we are told, and in repairing the homestead, the past is talking with us always. We, the carpenter and I, were on the roof yesterday stopping the leaks. How long will shingles last? These were clear heart pine rift shingles, well laid, on a flat hipped roof, first covered with tarred paper. They were laid in 1844, and with a little patching will last out the twenty years. But heart-shingles are getting scarce, and hereabouts people use sawed sap shingles, first dipped in lime whitewash. After they are laid they are whitewashed once in three or four years, and thus it is thought they will be durable. Our next neighbor here has shown me a roof shingled twelve years ago. A part covered with whitewashed shingles is good yet, while the rest, covered with the same shingles without the lime, has rotted out. Chestnut was used for shingles a good deal, a few years ago. It will never decay, but warps so much by the heat as to look badly and loosen the nails. At Boston, the comparative cost of the best slating and shingling is about as three to two, or say $7,50 per hundred square feet of slating, and $5 per hundred of shingling. All things considered, a slated roof is cheaper, more secure against fire and water, and far handsomer.

ABOUT TIMBER.

We have examined the timbers in the cellar, and can report what experience tells this generation about the preservation of timber. The house has stood sixty years. Part of the bottom timbers were old timber, sixty years ago. The house was built on an old cellar, in part, and many of the floorings have the marks of the mortises and halvings of the old frame of which they were part. The white oak and chestnut sills are sound yet, and, indeed, so are those of pine, except in one dark corner where vegetables were always kept, and there was no ventilation. There the floorings had rotted away so that we replaced them years ago.

To make your house endure, place it on a stone foundation, so that no earth will ever touch the woodwork, and keep the cellar well ventilated. In that way, good white pine timber will last longer than the builder.

As to what is between roof and sill, or more poetically speaking, "turret and foundation

stone," there seems to be no limit to its endurance, if well cared for. A pine board exposed to the weather will last as long as it is kept well painted. Now for the proof. The front yard fence has stood sixty years. It is of pine, and a part of it of palings or slats less than an inch square, and these are most of them as sound as ever. The lattice-work in the lower part, where the joints have opened by the settling of the foundation so as to admit water, has decayed somewhat, so that on the whole, the fence has been condemned, and a new one takes its place, of round palings one and one-fourth inches diameter, four inches apart from centre to centre, and four feet high, with an acorn top above the top rail, say six inches, the lower rail resting on the hewn stone underpinning which upheld the old fence. Then we find most of the casings on the old posts, after sixty years' service, sound enough to use again, preserved by the paint outside, and protected from the air and moisture within. But how about the ventilation inside these posts? The casings were air-tight, and yet the boards are sound inside, and are hardly stained by time! The posts themselves are mostly sound above ground. One, however, was found so decayed as not to preserve even its form, but this, too, was part of the old frame, while others of white oak are as good as new, except the bottoms. They all were years ago spliced up and supported by small foot posts, which are still sound, so that our best judgment is that the original posts and this renewal have lasted the sixty years.

My father had never, in a long life of careful observation, fully determined whether a chestnut or white oak post is the more durable. Either, made of good seasoned timber, will last from twenty to thirty years. I am using dry chestnut, eight inches square, and expect them to last pretty well toward the end of this century.

The old urns, which surmounted the original fence, with some stopping of cracks with pine wood and putty, will keep their old places, on the posts. They, too, have been preserved all these years, by the repeated coatings of white lead and oil.

"How much does such a fence as that cost?" is a question which I have several times answered, and which I am very happy to answer in the paper, because it has been much the fashion to waste money in such structures. Probably some readers may smile when informed that the fence, except the posts, came from Boston, forty miles by rail, and six by wagon! But I knew the difference between hand labor and machine labor, and there is no planing machine, or other aid to carpentry, in this neighborhood, so I stepped into a wood-turner's in Boston, and gave an order for the palings and rails, and in a few days they arrived here in good order. There is about seventy feet in length of the fence, and it cost, for two hundred palings, six dollars; rails bored, and mill-planed, and delivering at depot, seven dollars; freight on the rail sixty cents; by wagon fifty cents; making in all fourteen dollars, ten cents, or about twenty cents a foot besides posts, and the labor of setting, which would cost perhaps ten cents a foot more. Now I think it is worth knowing, that a neat, durable fence, good enough for any place, may be built so cheaply; and anybody who reads this letter carefully, may find, what nobody could tell me, exactly the proportions and expense of such a structure. It is finished, all but the painting, and is satisfactory to ourselves, and a discerning and critical public.

In most places, instead of building an ornamental fence, I would plant a hedge; but here we have to strike several times to find a spot where a crow-bar can penetrate between the stones with which the ground is filled, so that a hedge was almost impossible.

With many regrets that you are not with us for a Massebesic pond party, I remain,

Truly yours, H. F. F.

REMARKS.—Thank you, Judge. Few things would give us more pleasure. The information you have imparted, is just what thousands of our people need. The question, How best to preserve buildings and fences? is one of great importance to our farmers. Shingles scarcely last more than a dozen years now, and replacing them is always an expensive repair.

For the New England Farmer.

WHALE OIL SOAP vs. THE BARK LOUSE.

Almost every cultivator, whether great or small, is unfortunate enough to have some apple trees which escape good culture, or are diseased at the root. Young trees in a feeble condition invite the bark-louse; and although good culture may not remove them, it generally, if not always, prevents their appearance—that is, so far as my experience goes.

A few years ago I discovered that three or four of my trees were infested with this insect, than a stranger to me. Some of the trees had been neglected; but one, though well cultivated, had been badly split at the root in setting, and should have been put upon the brush heap. Upon this the bark-louse appeared and spread very rapidly, so as much to deform the bark. I applied whitewash for two seasons, but the bark grew no smoother, and as I found the tree in a dying condition, it was exterminated. To the others, not so bad, ley was applied; but the insect did not seem to be checked; then soft soap, but without much success. For the two past seasons I have applied whale oil soap, reduced by hot water to the consistence of paint, and put on with a paint-brush. I did it in the spring and also in June. Wherever applied, the louse began to disappear,

and now the bark is smooth and healthy, and only here and there is there a spot where he can be seen. And I trust that these spots will yet be made too bitter and slippery for a comfortable or safe habitation.

Now I am a believer in whale oil soap for trees. Others may boast of the omnipotence of potash water, and divers others may come down hard for *soft* soap, but allow me to expatiate freely for the whale oil! It adheres, undoubtedly, to the bark longer than potash or soft soap, and consequently does not need so frequent use; while at the same time it is more easily prepared and kept than ley (requiring great caution as to strength,) and seems to be an effectual exterminator of the bark-louse, and even otherwise healthful to the trees. Any hard brown soap, I suppose, would render the bark too slippery for the adherence of the young louse, but whether it would kill the old one or its eggs as readily as a kind more nauseous, I am not prepared to say. D. W. L.

West Medford, Aug., 1861.

For the New England Farmer.

"I CANNOT AFFORD IT."

Some writer has said that not one person in ten dares to say "I cannot afford it," when truth and justice to himself require it.

Is this a strong assertion? I think not. Let us take but one class of men and women in our community, farmers and their wives, and see how this is. We will suppose a man commencing farm life with few or many acres, it matters but little for our purpose. How many things in one year are presented to him for his notice, with the assurance of some purely disinterested lover of man and womankind, some being overflowing with the milk of human kindness, that it is just the thing he or she wants and must have—a combination long sought of all that is desirable,—in a word, that it is *the* thing of all others that he must have, and much more that we have not yet learned?

Now how many of our farmers that have never thought of this desideratum, (I do not now refer to really useful farm implements, or the many indoor conveniences which render home attractive,) will at once say, "No, sir, I cannot afford it?"

How many, when appealed to to give a sum of money to some public enterprise, by some make-believe philanthropist, soliciting them with an earnestness, worthy of a better cause, dare to say readily, "I cannot afford it," after they are clearly convinced that it has no claim upon their time or money?

The writer of this knows of a farming town which was visited by a young man possessed of great firmness in all his plans and actions, very courteous, and consequently of great power to direct. He designed to obtain subscribers for an article which could be only of very doubtful benefit to but a limited number of persons. This the gentleman indirectly admitted to the writer. Still, Mr. —— had been a close observer of human nature, and he said to me that, "although he knew that not more than one in twenty to whom he should present the article, had or would have, the least desire for it—yet" said he, "I can assure you, that I shall sell to about every family in the place, excepting a few persons in deep poverty, whom I could not have a face to ask, persons who do not in five years have, at one time, the money sufficient to pay for it."

"But, my dear sir," said I, "not more than ten families in the place can afford to buy that."

"Ah, do you think so? Well, now, how many will dare tell me so at once, giving that frankly and honestly as a reason. Why, my good woman, I've found the world over, that people who cannot, are the last to say they cannot afford a thing."

His words proved true. Of course, quite an amount of talk was necessary to aid the seller. The writer has the means of knowing that in nineteen cases out of twenty, Mr. —— was not beyond the reach of "a stone's throw," before they were provoked with themselves; what under the sun they bought it for they didn't know, and then they vowed "they'd never touch it if it was brought;" and I also know that many women mourned in silence, not a little, and to their better halves considerably, "that they should have been so foolish, when they were needing this thing and that thing, and had wanted it for years," and long was the list of their "going-withouts;" and they finally concluded that, "when it came, if they had to take it, and had to pay for it, they'd put it out of sight and hearing."

"I shouldn't have taken it, for all his talk," said many, "but there was Mr. S. and Capt. L. and N.'s folks subscribed, and I didn't want to say I could not afford it."

There is the rub. By the way, my friends, you make a decided mistake when you put of sight these "can't afford things." You would dispose of them far more profitably and to your best advantage, were you to frame them, granting they were frameable, in splendid frames, and hang them where you could view them daily, in their different lights and shades, and let them teach you lessons of truth and firmness.

The farmer's wife goes to the neighboring village, or may be the city, shopping, with not a very long purse. The shopkeeper gathers the rich, glossy silk in such pretty folds, or the rich ribbon, which he knows how to "bow up" better than any milliner, is temptingly exhibited. She hesitates—she never thought of buying to-day, but Mr. Such-an-one's wife steps in, dressed in a better silk, and she dares not say before her, "I cannot afford it," and she allows itto be cut off, and it is too late.

Let me privately assure you, my lady friends—you will never, to use terms you will understand, "set by" that dress, or take any comfort in wearing it.

Again, a farmer's wife of quite moderate means is assured by half-a-dozen ladies of the parish to which she belongs, that it is really shabby and mean to let the sewing circle lose any in numbers and interest, because it is the busy season of the year. What if she has no help, and is completely worn down, is that any reason why the cause of benevolence should suffer? Ought she to think altogether of self?

Why, Mrs. A. assures the aforesaid farmer's wife "that she could see from her pew, that the minister's old turnipy-looking thing of a silver watch had two dents in the case, and for her part she couldn't take any more comfort of the services."

Mrs. B. said, "she had made up her mind that rather than take her New York cousin to the minister's tea-table again, before they got his wife the silver tea-service, she'd go out of the parish begging, or get it on the credit of the circle."

So our hesitating farmer's wife takes the dollar she had laid one side, to pay to one who had assisted her in sewing, and drags her tired and weary self to the "circle," and works only the harder at home the next day. At last the gold watch and chain, and the silver tea-service, are presented, by more than one who knew, but dared not say, "they couldn't afford it."

Now this vacillation is not only untruthful, but it is a sign of weakness. How many of the reverses of life may be fairly charged to this hesitation and weakness.

There are a few things that farmers and farmers' wives cannot afford:

A farmer cannot afford to sign notes for a man in trade.

A farmer cannot afford to purchase articles of luxury because a city or village friend "no better off" than himself, has done the same.

A farmer cannot afford to contract debts, unless he has reasonable expectations of having ample means to defray the same.

A farmer cannot afford to purchase "what he doesn't exactly want."

A farmer cannot afford to subscribe for more periodicals and newspapers than he is able to read or pay for in advance.

A farmer cannot afford, because he has disregarded all of these directions, and consequently met with reverses and losses, to "give up," but he can afford to rise above circumstances, and show to the world that there is something far nobler than a man's surroundings.

A farmer's wife cannot afford, because she often has to be "the maid of all work," to consider herself thereby the loser of a particle of self respect, or one whit beneath the wife of the millionaire.

A farmer's wife cannot afford to be ignorant of the out-of-door affairs upon the farm.

A farmer's wife cannot afford to be ignorant, if she does not "wear the breeches," of how they ought to be worn.

A farmer's wife cannot afford to be ignorant of the exact state of her husband's financial affairs.

Lastly, a farmer and a farmer's wife can never afford to fear to say, upon necessary occasions, truthfully and firmly, "*I cannot afford it.*"

J. K. L.

VENTILATION OF THE APPLE BARREL.—By this we mean the boring of holes in the head of staves of the barrels that will allow the escape or the moisture that is constantly passing off from the newly gathered fruit. We hazard nothing in the statement that one-half the fruit sent to this market this season, so far, has been materially injured from this cause. The effect of confined vapor upon the apple is not at once apparent. The fruit appears uncommonly bright on the first opening—but as the surface dries off the apple begins to grow dull looking, and if a light skinned apple, in a day or two will present the appearance of half-baked fruit.

But this steaming from confinement not only injures the sale of the fruit, but to the great disappointment of the consumer, his fruit does not keep as he supposed it would, and as the variety of apple he purchased led him to suppose it would. Premature decay is sure to follow as a consequence of this want of ventilation.—*Chicago Fruit Dealer.*

For the New England Farmer.

DOG VERSUS CUR.

MR. EDITOR:—The correspondence in your paper is generally so rational and moderate in its tone, that I was somewhat surprised to read "C.'s" bigoted and illiberal war cry, or rather "snarl," at the faithful animals of which he evidently knows nothing, and whose virtues I fear he is unable to appreciate. "C.'s" assumptions are too groundless, his arguments too flimsy, and his propositions too intolerant to enlist many in his valiant crusade against our affectionate and defenceless defendant. I have yet to learn—for I cannot take "C.'s" assertion for proof—that *you* have declared war upon dogs, that New England loses millions annually by dogs, or that the presence of dogs, in a district, is at all incompatible with the raising or keeping of sheep. The latter assumption is entirely contrary to my own experience of facts; as I know many districts where sheep are largely and successfully raised, and where, at the same time, dogs are far more numerous than they are in the neighborhood of Boston; and "C." will have some difficulty in persuading the public that cows indiscriminately allowed on the highway would occasion less inconvenience to passengers than dogs do. The law proposed, or rather commended, by "C.," will never be enacted in a country where the people are their own law-makers; and even a despot would hesitate before issuing a decree so certain to arouse the indignation of a large proportion of the community.

So much for "C.'s" indiscriminate attack; but, in defending the respectable portion of the canine community, I would not be understood to justify the keeping of ill-bred, ill-fed and uncared for curs. These are the animals which bring dishonor on their race, through no fault of their nature, but because they are expected to maintain a character for honesty, while their only alternative is to steal or starve. I think it probable, to hear C. talk, he would dispose of the other affairs of the country quite as summarily as he does of the dog question; but, fortunately for us all, in this land of liberty, no man can enact laws to bind his fellow without their co-operation and consent, and I certainly prefer the law enacted by the chosen sages of Massachusetts, in council assembled, to the measure so modestly suggested by your correspondent. It is not the intelligent, respectable looking dog, licensed, collared, and whose name and residence are duly registered,

> "Man's firmest friend,
> The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
> Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
> Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,"

—it is not this dog, I contend, who should be called "the worthless beast," and hunted like a wolf or a wild cat; indeed, I can scarcely sympathize with your correspondent in his bitterness against any of a race whose virtues are all their own, while their vices are the result of their education and necessity.

At the same time, I admit the impropriety and inconvenience of permitting the indiscriminate breeding and excessive increase of dogs; and I rejoice to think that the present dog law of Massachusetts, if enforced as it should be, is admirably calculated to restrain these within due bounds. At all events, let us give the law we have a fair trial, before we ask for another and a more stringent one; and, lastly, let us not overlook the difference between the noble, generous dog, and the yelping, nameless, homeless cur. J. C. D.

Weston, August 12, 1861.

Remarks.—We have visited pretty extensively among the farmers of New England, and do not remember a single instance where the rearing of sheep was spoken of, but complaint was made of their destruction by dogs. Indeed, the remark was often made, "dogs have driven out sheep altogether—we do not attempt to raise them." This, also, is the testimony of the members of the State Board of Agriculture, who represent every part of the commonwealth. They represent dogs as a scourge to the farmers. We attempted to introduce a fine breed of sheep into the town where we reside, but were utterly discomfited by a neighbor's dog.

CRACKS IN HORSES' HOOFS.

The following is Dr. Dadd's mode of treatment of this troublesome complaint, consisting essentially in sewing the parts together, by means of a strong wax cord: "The best practice would be, first, to poultice the foot, (supposing the shoe to have been removed), with a view of softening the hoof and removing any extraneous matter that may have insinuated itself into the crack. When the hoof is sufficiently softened, it should be cleansed, examined, and dressed with tincture of myrrh. Select a spot about an inch below the coronet, and with a small gimlet bore a hole through the two edges of the crack, and another one inch above the toe. A straight needle, armed with a strong ligature, is to be passed through the upper holes, brought over and through a second time; thus closing the two edges of the fissure by what the sailors term a "round turn." The same thing is to be repeated at the toe. The assistant, by the aid of the pincers or otherwise, shuts the crack as close as possible, the ligatures are each drawn tight, and tied with a surgeon's knot. A small quantity of blister ointment is to be besmeared over the crack, and bar-shoe applied. The cure is accomplished in two ways—first, by fusion; secondly, by the growth of new horn from the *matrix* downward. After the edges have firmly united, cut the ligatures, and pare the uneven edges of the *cicatrix* level with the surrounding parts, and the cure is completed."

How to Build Cisterns.—The attention of the reader is called to an article on this subject in another column. To know how to build a cheap and substantial cistern, is a knowledge worth possessing.

For the New England Farmer.

FLYCATCHERS AND THRUSHES.

Interested in anything relating to our native birds, I have been much pleased with the articles upon the "Birds of New England," published in the *Farmer* over the signature of "J. A. A." His statements generally agree with my own observations, extended over a number of years. To his list of Flycatchers, I would add the Little Tyrant Flycatcher, (*Muscicapa pusilla* and *Tyrannula pusilla*, Swainson,) closely allied to Acadica, but smaller—measuring about 5 inches in length and 7½ in extent. With regard to the Thrushes, their shy, retiring habits and general similarity of size and color render it very difficult to distinguish the several species. Your Vermont correspondent seems to have studied the Hermit Thrush very faithfully; "Adolphus"—though following Nuttall rather closely—has attended to the Wood and Wilson's Thrush, but passes somewhat slightingly by the other species, and I am not quite satisfied with his disposition of the synonyms.

In accordance with "J. A. A." I have found in the vicinity of Boston four well-defined species:

1. The Wood Thrush—(*Turdus Melodus*, of Wilson, *T. Mustelinus*, of Bonaparte, Audubon and Nuttall.) This noted vocalist, whose song and habits are well described by Wilson and Audubon, is sparingly resident here through the summer, usually frequenting wild, rocky woods and shady glens, where its peculiar, solemn, tinkling warble is often heard. This species is distinguished from the other small spotted thrushes, by its larger size, measuring 8 inches in length, and by the more decided spots of blackish brown which are disposed in chains on the upper part of the breast and sides of the body. The color on the head inclines to rufous, and on the tail to olive, the reverse of the Hermit.

2. The Hermit Thrush—(*T. Solitarius*, of Wilson, *T. Minor*, of Bonaparte, Audubon and Nuttall, *Merula Solitaria*, of Swainson,) is smaller than the Wood Thrush, measuring 7 inches in length and 11 in extent; upper part olive brown, inclining to reddish brown on the tail, a mark which distinguishes it at sight; breast nearly white, with decided triangular dark brown spots. This species is not found in this vicinity during the summer months, but is seen here as late as the 25th of May, and again in the autumn, remaining until the last of October. This bird, supposed by Audubon and Wilson to be destitute of song, has a note which closely resembles that of the Wood Thrush, and has probably often been mistaken for that bird,—and this may account in part for the great difference spoken of in the notes of the Wood Thrush—although I am well aware that individuals of the same species vary very much in their powers of song; it is louder, not so flowing, and as I think not equal to the true Wood thrush. Mr. Paine's observations on this species, in the *Farmer* of August 3, are undoubtedly correct—and his account of the nest and eggs corroborates Dr. Brewer, who has paid much attention to this subject, and who says the nest of the true Hermit Thrush is placed on the ground and that the eggs are unspotted.

Wilson's description of the Hermit Thrush certainly applies to this bird, but his figure, account

of the nest and eggs, and the nests on trees and spotted eggs of Audubon appear to belong to the next species.

3. Olive Backed Thrush—(*T. Olivaceus*, Giraud, *Merula Wilsonii*, of Swainson.) This species, described by Swainson as the Wilson's Thrush, which, indeed, it much resembles, and which Audubon considered a variety of the same—caused by sex or age—is undoubtedly a distinct species, distinguished by its uniform olive brown color above—throat and breast more decided buff or salmon color—legs shorter, stouter, of a pale brown color—bill shorter and more compressed. This is probably the kind mentioned by Audubon in his account of Wilson's Thrush as equalling the Wood Thrush in its song. So far as I have been able to determine, its note has a general resemblance to the Wilson's, but is superior to it in richness, though not equalling the Wood Thrush. According to Brewer, it builds its nest on trees; eggs spotted with brown on a blue ground. As stated by "J. A. A.," I have found this bird while here to be less suspicious than the other Thrushes.

4. Wilson's Thrush—(*T. Mustelinus*, of Wilson, *T. Wilsonii*, of Bonaparte, Audubon and Nuttall, *Merula Minor*, Swainson.) This species, whose peculiar whistling notes, often heard until quite dark, and whose shy, retiring habits are well described by Nuttall, is a constant summer resident here, found in solitary woods, usually in the vicinity of a stream or pond. It is distinguished by its uniform tawny color above—long slender legs—the spots on the breast less decided than either of the other species. It measures 7 inches in length, not 10, as stated by "J. A. A.," who probably followed a mistake of Wilson instead of actual measurement, and 12 inches in extent.

5. The Water Thrush—(*Seiurus Aquaticus*, Swainson,) is seen in this vicinity through the month of May, and early in August; late in the spring it has a loud and pleasing warble, resembling in part the note of the American Yellowbird or Goldfinch. It also often utters a sharp, clicking note like the striking of two pebbles.

The Canada Flycatcher is seen here some seasons as late as the first of June feasting on the destructive canker worm. Its note resembles somewhat that of the summer yellowbird, or that of some of the redstarts, but is more full and musical. It measures 5 inches in length and 8 in extent of wings. I. SPRAGUE.

Cambridge, Aug. 17, 1861.

METEORS.

Saturday night there was an unusual number of meteors or shooting stars. They were visible at times in all parts of the heavens, being most numerous, however, in the southwest. Those observed in this quarter radiated from a point about ten degrees south of the zenith. Between eleven and twelve they were most numerous, appearing in rapid succession, and frequently two and three being visible at a time. One was very large and brilliant. The head or nucleus was five times the apparent size of Venus, and emitted a very bright light. It was followed by a trail about five yards in length, which was visible nearly a minute. Others appeared like stars of the first magnitude, and were also followed by trails which were visible from ten to thirty seconds. Those which were smaller were not followed by any trails.

At invervals throughout the night, the portion of the heavens near the zenith, described above, continued to send off meteors. In other portions of the heavens they were not so numerous, and appeared at less regular intervals. Some were very small, and were visible only for a moment. Most of them shot downward in different directions, and at various angles. We noticed three which moved in a horizontal direction. They were not so bright as most of the others, being of a yellowish tinge. Their motion was not as swift, their velocity being less than half as great as that of those which moved downwards. One, for a moment after it became visible, had an undulating motion, and then moved on in a straight line.

There are two well-ascertained periods when meteors appear in showers—Aug. 9 and 10, and November 12 and 13. We are now in the August period, and close observation for a few nights will probably discover more than the usual number.—*Providence Journal.*

THE APPLE WORM.

Everybody knows—when we have apples—how very generally they are infested with a worm; not the worm proceeding from the egg deposited by the curculio, but from an egg deposited in the blossom, and thus growing with the growth of the apple. It is a fat, sleek-looking, white worm, often an inch in length, which eats to the very centre of the fruit, and frequently in transverse directions, throwing its offal out at the calyx, or through the sides of the fruit. The centre is sometimes filled with this matter, so that the whole apple is thoroughly ruined.

In the autumn of 1859 there was a fair apple crop, yet scarcely ten in a thousand apples, could be found free from this worm!

A few days since, Mr. J. W. WILCOX, of West Roxbury, brought us a bottle of these worms, eighty odd in number, which he caught in two nights under a single tree. He learned how to catch the rascals in the following manner: Several years ago, while engaged in doing carpenter work, some timber and boards were left under an apple tree, lying in various positions upon the ground. Upon removing this lumber, he found that wherever two pieces of board or timber lay pretty closely together these worms had crawled in in considerable numbers, and seemed to be well pleased with their snug retreat. This served to give him the idea of a trap which has proved the death of thousands of the offenders.

He places two boards, each about three feet long, and of a pretty smooth surface, not planed, however, together, under the tree and near the stem. These boards are visited each morning

and the worms found there destroyed, and the boards put back into position again. Three sets of the boards are usually placed under a tree, on its different sides, which, Mr. W. says he thinks, will soon draw the worms from the fallen apples into their beneficent shelter! He also gave it as his opinion, that all old apple trees under the walls and in pastures that are not attended to, are so many nurseries of these pests, and that if they were cut down, or all the fallen apples were eaten by swine or cattle, and the same care observed with cultivated trees, this great evil would be abated or entirely removed.

We hope ten thousand traps will be set at once, and clean off these vermin while the apple crop is not abundant.

For the New England Farmer.

WINTER BARLEY.

Friend Brown:—In the *Farmer* of August 24th, I saw that you mentioned my name in your remarks on Winter Barley.

I will say from what I have seen and heard that I consider it a great acquisition to our cereal grains. There are several points to be taken into consideration in regard to it:

First, its early maturity, thereby escaping almost all danger of mildew, rust, weevil, &c., which are liable to attack all late grains.

Second, my experience has proved it to be very hardy, when sown in good season, say the last of August or the fore part of September.

Third, it is very prolific.

The gentleman of whom I had my seed, wrote me that the average yield on the lightest sandy soil was fifty bushels per acre; but I suppose the soil of Niagara County, Western New York, is somewhat better than our pine plains in old Middlesex.

In the Fall of 1859 I received some seed from a friend in Niagara County, which I sowed very late, barely giving it time to come up before the ground froze. The Spring following was very dry, and when the rains came in the fore part of June, there was apparently but a vestige of life remaining in the plants; but to my surprise, they started, and about the middle of August, I harvested ten bushels of barley on sixty square rods of ground. This weighed fifty pounds per bushel. The soil was a sandy loam, not rich, on which I had raised a crop of corn that season, harvesting it some time before sowing the barley. I feel confident that if I had sown any other grain as much out of season as I did the barley, that I should have had no return.

Now for the second crop. Some time in August, 1860, I plowed the plot on which the barley grew for the purpose of destroying the weeds, not thinking of the few scattering grains; and left it unharrowed, intending to plant the following Spring with early potatoes. As time passed, there came here and there a blade of barley. I did nothing to it, and its vigorous growth further determined me (thin as it was and without manure,) to let it alone. The result was that on the 29th of June last, I reaped eight bushels of good clean barley from the few scattering grains, plowed under as above. I have no doubt but on a part of the piece the yield was at the rate of sixty bushels per acre. Some of the barley threshed, and in the straw, can be seen at Nourse & Co.'s, Merchants' Row, Boston, the sight of which will satisfy any one better than any story which I can relate. I would recommend sowing it by the first week in September, at the rate of one or one and a half bushels per acre, covering it from three to four inches. The greatest number of heads I found on any one stool was eighty-five. In height it was from 3¼ to 4½ feet.

Concord, Aug., 1861. J. B. Farmer.

Remarks.—We saw the barley alluded to above, several times during its growth, and found that it made a wonderful development from the smallest beginnings. A single kernel had tillered out, in some instances, to a broad and vigorous stool, giving fifty, sixty, seventy and even upwards of eighty heads, all springing from a single grain. We agree with Mr. F. in the belief that this barley will become a profitable crop for us.

THE ROOT FAMILY.

Do you know who are the most industrious and hardiest laborers in the world? The root family. They work night and day, summer and winter, without stopping and without tiring. What they have to do, they do without grumbling or discontent, or asking any why or wherefore.

Roots are of various forms; sometimes they are in slender threads, to penetrate loose, sandy soil, like the grasses; sometimes wedgelike, as in beets, to pierce firm and solid ground; sometimes in long, flat scales, to fasten themselves to the bare rocks. But, tender and delicate as they often seem to be, they possess wonderful strength; to the forest trees they serve as gigantic anchors, chaining them to the solid earth and supporting them against the battling of the storms. They dive down into the ground, and let nothing hinder their progress. The roots of a large chestnut tree on Mount Etna, under which a hundred horsemen can find shelter, penetrate through rocks and lava to the springs at the very foot of the mountain.

Roots serve not only as fastenings, they pump up the nutriment which the plant needs, and supply it with drink and food. There are delicate fibres at the end of the roots, called spongioles, which have minute holes, opening and shutting, to take in or reject what is necessary for the health and life of the plant, and they know what to take, and what to leave. Suppose wheat and peas to grow side by side—the spongioles of the wheat are open to receive all the flinty matters of the soil which the water can take up, while the spongioles of the pea will not have the flint, but prefer lime, and take whatever lime the water of the soil may contain—the wheat and the pea having different tastes for their dinner. Sometimes they draw nourishment directly from the water, as in duck weed, when each small leaf has its own little root hanging from under the surface.

In the mangrove of the tropics, they form an

enormous net-work in the water, and catch as in a seine all the matter which floats down the streams when the tides and floods go down. Shell-fish are often found among the roots, accounting for the stories of some of the earlier discoverers of America, who said the oysters grew on the branches of trees. Sometimes the roots have no home in land or water, but take themselves to some strong and healthy trees, where they creep through the crevices of the bark into the wood, and feed upon the very life of the tree. These plants are called parasites. A stately palm is often seen covered with the creepers of a parasite, which at last eats out its very life, and the noble tree dies in its treacherous embrace. Roots, wherever they are, in the dark earth, or under the restless waves, or on the bark of a foreign tree, are always at work, and rough usage does not quickly destroy them. A common maple tree may be turned bottom upwards, the roots in the air, and the branches in the ground, and it will yet live. The first orange trees in Europe, which are in the city of Dresden, came as ballast, without root or branches, in the hold of a German vessel. A curious gardener, anxious to know what the new wood was, planted them, and, through mistake, planted them upside down. But in spite of this sad treatment, the brave little trees have grown and flourished beyond all other orange trees on the continent. Do not even the roots in the earth seem to say—"The hand that made us is divine?"

For the New England Farmer.

CRAMP IN COW---WARTS ON HORSE.

MR. EDITOR:—In the *Farmer* of August 3d, Mr. Gates wishes to know what to do with what he calls cramp in cattle. In the first place, every man who has to do with horses and cattle, should always have on hand a few medicines, as a valuable life may be frequently saved by having things handy. Some time ago I named a few remedies which it would be well for the farmer to have on hand—aconite, arnica, nux vomica, &c.,—what is called the mother tincture.

Now for Mr. Gates' cow. First, if she is fed high, cut this down to grass, and see that she has plenty of good, clean, soft water. Put her in the stable nights, with free circulation of air, but so the patient gets no chill, until she gets well. I should keep her out of all rain and storm, and by all means keep her skin clean and open. Second, medicine. Put a teaspoonful of the tincture of arnica into a quart of water, and bathe the parts affected, night and morning, and at the same time give the cow internally ten drops of aconite, each morning, in her drink; and if not every way better in a few days, give her ten drops of arsenicum at night. This course, with such treatment and care as otherwise would suggest itself, followed a few weeks, I should expect to cure the cow with cramp.

In the same paper with the foregoing, Mr. Jameson wants something which will cure warts on a horse. This is a frequent disease with both horses and cattle. It is a disease of the skin—but nature is evidently making an effort to get rid of some constitutional trouble. In your remarks to Mr. Jameson's inquiry, your suggestions are good. Where the warts are large, the quickest way to get rid of them is by the knife, or ligature. I have often removed them by rubbing them with whale oil, morning and night; this will cure nine cases out of ten; keep the skin clean and open by the use of card and brush; at the same time feed well,—and to remove the constitutional disease, I have never found anything equal to sulphur and arsenicum, in doses of ten drops each night, alternating. These doses are for adults. External applications will do for the young as well as old.

At a future time I will give the readers of the *Farmer* a list of a few simple remedies which every humane man who has the care of horses or cattle, would do well to keep on hand—the whole costing not more than two or three dollars—and a general plan for their use, Mr. Common Sense being the doctor. N. Q. T.

King Oak Hill, 1861.

WHEN TO GATHER CROPS.

This is an important topic. To cut grass when it is "ripe," and grain when ready to shell out, is far from economy. Careful observation and experiments, as well as chemistry, teach us that all grass and grain crops, to be consumed as food for man or beast, should be cut down before maturity. Many of the roots, also, are better for premature gathering. Potatoes may well be ripened in the ground; and, were it convenient to make the separation, we should say let grain, designed only for seed, remain upon the native stalk, in the field, until nearly ready to fall off. As we have said, experiments carefully made prove conclusively that wheat, for example, if cut six to twelve days before full maturity, yields not only a greater bulk and weight, but more and better flour, than if allowed to stand until "dead ripe." We have frequently published the direct trials which have established this fact, and will not take space to repeat them here. Let us look a little into the *reasons* for such a result. It will not be disputed that a pound of gum, or sugar, or starch, is better food than the same amount of wood or woody fibre. Much the largest proportion of the nourishment of wheat or corn, or other grain, is derived from the starch it contains. More than three-fourths of the entire bulk of wheat flour, for example, is really pure starch. The same may be said of corn meal. But all grains contain more or less of woody fibre, in the shell.

Wood, sugar, starch and gum are composed of precisely the same *elements*, and these are nearly in the same proportion. The difference in form and properties is chiefly in the arrangement of the elements. Yet wood is nearly indigestible, and of course fails, in part, to yield nourishment, while sugar, starch and gum are easily digested, and almost their entire elements furnish nutriment.

Examine grain in the milk, and it will be found to consist almost totally of starch, gum and sugar, the abundance of sugar giving it a sweetish taste. Let this grain ripen, and the starch, gum and sugar are hardened, and in part changed to woody fibre, that is, husk or bran. But cut the grain while scarcely out of the milk state, and you stop the natural change into woody matter, and thus secure a large proportion of the desired

starch, sugar and gum. It is well known that the earliest flour made from first cut grain possesses a peculiar sweetness. Corn picked while still soft, and dried, retains its sweetness. The only point to be looked to is, not to cut grain before it attains its full development of material. This point has been found to be just at the period when it commences hardening. No grain should be allowed to stand a day after it becomes so solid as to require a gentle pressure to crush the kernel between the thumb and finger-nail. This rule applies to wheat, oats, and indeed to all cereal crops. Gathered at this time, which is usually eight to ten days before perfect ripening, there will not only be more and better nutriment, but the yield of grain, and especially of flour, will be from five to ten per cent. greater, and often more, than if the cutting had been deferred ten days. The decidedly superior value of straw cut green, is another important item to be taken into account. The increasingly high price of hay, and the advance in the demand and value of stock, render it important to give more attention to the preservation of straw. Wheat or oats straw and corn-stalks, if left standing until fully mature, are little better, and little else, than so much wood; but stop the ripening process as soon as it is practicable to remove the grain, and you secure straw and stalks worth one-fourth to one-half their weight of hay, as the latter is ordinarily cured. Would it not be better to run the risk of getting a few pounds less of grain by too early gathering, if thereby you secure a greatly superior quality of feed in the straw?

The reasons for cutting grain early apply with equal force to all crops gathered for forage. Taste a stalk of grass just as it is losing its flower, and you will find it sweet, succulent and tender. A few days afterward, it is more like a dry piece of wood. But cut it down at the former period, dry it in small masses to prevent heating and fermentation, and it will retain much of its sweetness, and contain a large proportion of the sugar, starch and gum. We state an undeniable fact, one established by rigid experiment, that *four* tons of hay gathered just as the flowering season is over, will yield more *nourishment* than *five* tons gathered ten to twelve days later. We have the best authority for saying that one acre of grass, which, when cut fully ripe would yield 1,000 pounds of digestible nourishing matter, and 2,000 pounds of woody fibre, will, if cut 10 to 12 days earlier, yield from 1,500 to 1,800 pounds of nourishing material, and only 1,200 to 1,500 pounds of woody fibre. We will not stop to estimate what an immense saving would be effected to the country were the principles above stated thoroughly understood and practiced upon.

Farmer's Journal.

Old Gardens. — All gardens—especially old ones—should have a dressing of lime every five or six years. If before the lime is applied, they were dug twenty inches deep, and the subsoil thrown on top, the effect would be surprising. It would be doubly as productive. Ashes and salt, every three or four years, are also excellent. Many persons enrich their gardens heavily year after year with barnyard manure, and then wonder that their crops are annually growing less. If they would follow our system of occasionally liming, ashing and salting, as we have often recommended—of course only applying one of these agents in any one year—the ground would soon be brought back to its original fertility.

Digging deeply the garden late in the fall, allowing the ground to lay in lumps, for the action of the frost through the winter, will also be found to have an excellent effect.—*Germantown Tel.*

For the New England Farmer.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF WHEAT.

Read before the Concord Farmers' Club in the winter of 1860-1.

BY ELIJAH WOOD, JR.

Among the different kinds of grain which form the principal nutriment of the civilized world, and to the culture of which civilization is even attributed by modern writers, the first rank is conceded to wheat; and also where the largest amount of the most expensive products of the earth are both cultivated and consumed, particularly wheat, we find a corresponding amount of intelligence as the result. Wheat seems to be really *the* grain for the world, and nothing has been substituted for it. The opinion has prevailed for a long time in New England, that it can be raised only on the strongest and best soils, while the land is new. The consequence has been that the cultivation has almost entirely ceased here.

Now what is the reason that we succeed on new land, but fail on the old, or upon that which has been long under cultivation? That we succeed in either case, affords evidence that there is nothing in our climate, the peculiarity of our seasons, or the nature of our soils, which renders it necessary that we should depend upon our Southern or Western neighbors for this necessary article of food. Must it not, then, be attributed to improper management, or to neglect in preparing our soils for this particular kind of grain? I am of the opinion that where it was once raised when the land was new, it can be now raised with a probability of success; that the principal cause of failure has arisen from having exhausted the soil of that particular kind of nourishment which is adapted to its growth. New land is filled with vegetable matter. Restore the soil of your old fields, by the application of vegetable manure, and they would again produce similar results. A better system of cultivation is being now introduced; more labor is bestowed on less surface than has been practiced. The *manures* best calculated for wheat, are allowed by all agriculturists, to be animal matter, and one of the constituent parts of wheat, (gluten,) exists in bones, urine, horn, night-soil, the refuse of the soap-boiler, the offal of the butcher, &c., and the proper application of these substances in sufficient quantities will ensure a good crop.

The common divisions are into bearded or beardless, into thin-skinned or white, and hard or flint wheats, or into white or red. The white yields the largest proportion of flour or starch, the flint, of gluten, which is the most nutritious part of the wheat. No advantage would come from my enumerating the various kinds cultivated. Every district, I suppose, has its favorite; and it is with wheat as with every thing else, that pub-

lic opinion is constantly changing. The results, too, with regard to the same kind of seed are different under different cultivation, and are materially affected by the season. It can hardly be expected that I can give any definite knowledge on this subject from my limited experience in two seasons, and with one kind alone. We have the record of more than one hundred kinds, but many more of winter than spring. I shall only speak in general terms of the two kinds.

Of *winter wheat* I have had no experience, and have not known of its cultivation in this vicinity, in the past twenty years, except by a very few farmers. I trust we shall sow more of the winter varieties, as they can be sown in a season of leisure, and are less liable to be injured by insects. The grain is heavier, and the same quantity yields much more flour, and of superior quality. The greatest objection to it, is its liability to be killed in early spring, by freezing and thawing, and this may be remedied in part by a different mode of cultivation. Sow before the middle of September, on a rich and well pulverized, loamy, and warm soil, and cover the seed at least two inches deep, and pass a roller over it, and you may safely calculate on a paying crop. Wet land will not mature wheat, neither will it rye. Dry, loamy lands, with a little descent, are the best for either. Some farmers think (judging from their work) that the fall grains may be sown any time before the snow flies. This is a great mistake. October is even too late, as the ground is then cold, and the plant, if it starts, has only a small and tender root, and is quite liable to be thrown out and destroyed by the frosts of winter. Another reason for sowing fall grain is, the work comes when we have more leisure time, and our teams are in full strength. Our springs, too, are extremely short, and it is difficult for the farmer to complete his work before the season of planting is over.

Spring Wheat.—Many of our farmers are now in the habit of raising spring wheat of the kind called Java, and some grow more than they can consume. It is quite productive, yielding from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre, and makes good bread, but not very white, like some of the winter kinds. I had a barrel sent me, as a present, from the State of Maine, in 1859, with directions for sowing. The original seed was found in some Java coffee, hence its name, and it was represented as being the surest kind in that State. The directions were to make a strong brine of salt and water, enough to cover the grain and something more. Stir it thoroughly, so that the impure seeds will rise; skim them off and let the wheat remain in the brine at least forty-eight hours. Do not be fearful of sowing the seed too early on account of cold. Get it in as soon as you can possibly work the ground, and sow not over seven pecks to the acre. Some have of late years prepared their ground in the fall, ready for the seed, sowing immediately after the snow leaves in the spring, even as early as the fifteenth of April, and succeeded well. The barrel of wheat sent me, was sown April 25th, 1859, on a black, loamy soil, with the exception of one-third of an acre, which was ledgy and sandy. The land was in a low condition, producing not more than one-half ton of hay per acre, and was plowed and planted with corn the year previous, with an application of thirty horse loads of compost manure from the cellar, to the acre. Grass seed was sown with the wheat, and yielded the present season, not less than three tons to the acre in two crops.

WHEAT FIELD, 1859.	Dr.
To carting 42 loads of manure, man and horse, 2 days	4,00
42 loads of manure, ½ to present crop, $1 ℔ load	21,00
Man spreading same, 1 day	1,00
Man and 2 horses plowing in same, 1¼ day	3,75
" " harrowing both ways, ½ day	1,50
Man and horse rolling, ¼ day	50
Man sowing both ways, ¼ day	33
Man cradling ledgy part 33c, and 4 reaping 4-5 day	5,00
Man binding, 2 days	2,00
2 men and horse drawing to barn, ¼ day	1,50
Thrashing 43½ bushels, 10c ℔ bushel	4,35
Drawing to muster-ground and back 3 tons	4,50
Drawing to Bedford 2 tons, 1 ton lost by waste	3,00
2¾ bushels seed wheat, $1,50 ℔ bushel	4,12
	$56,55
Cr. by 43½ bushels of wheat, $1,50	$65,25
Use of 3 tons straw, $10	30,00
2 tons same straw sold, $8	16,00—$111,25
Balance	$54,70

The wheat raised in 1860 was in six different lots, and sown as fast as they could be got ready, commencing the middle of April and finishing the 10th of May, on land adjoining, in part, the field of the previous year, and much such land, except two acres, which were sandy and had been planted two years with corn. All had been planted with corn in 1859, with thirty loads of compost manure plowed in upon each acre, as near as we could calculate. These lots were in a low state of cultivation, as might be expected, for a portion of them had not been plowed in twenty years. One acre of the land was not manured for wheat.

WHEAT FIELD, 1860.	Dr.
To man and horse carting 140 loads of manure, 7 days	$14,00
140 loads of manure, ½ to present crop	70,00
Man spreading the same, 3 days	3,00
Man and 2 horses plowing, 4 days	12,00
13 bushels of seed, $1,50 ℔ bushel	19,50
Man and 2 horses harrowing both ways, 2 days	6,00
Man sowing both ways, 25c ℔ acre	1,62
Man and horse rolling, 25c ℔ acre	1,62
Cutting with machine, $1 ℔ acre	6,50
Binding, $1 ℔ acre	6,50
4 men and 2 horses drawing to barn, 1 day	6,00
Thrashing 145 bushels of wheat, 10c	14,50
	$161,24
Cr. by 145 bushels of wheat, $1.50	$217,50
9½ tons of straw, by estimate, $10	97,50—$315,00
Balance	$153,76

From these two experiments, I have made up my mind that wheat is the most profitable of all the grain crops, and can be raised as easily as any. It was once thought that it must be grown on rich clays and heavy loams, but even on sandy land it is now grown extensively. I have taken no more pains than was taken with rye and oats the same seasons, except in the selection of the ground. I made a point to sow it where it would grow, on land neither too wet nor too dry; just such land as can be found on almost every farm in town. I meant to raise a crop that would compare with my neighbors.

There is a useful lesson to be learned from comparing the results of liberal and skillful cultivation. It stimulates the careless and indifferent to cultivate their lands better. We require to know what has been done. No good cultivator would willingly stop short of what has been reached by others, nor should this satisfy him if there is a possibility of doing better. In conclusion, I would say to the farmers of Concord, raise your own

wheat. You will find a great saving in your expenses. You pay too much of your money to middle men. On the principle of profit and economy, its cultivation ought to be encouraged. It is a preferable grain to accompany clover and herds grass for mowing purposes.

For the New England Farmer.

MAD AND GOOD-NATURED DOGS.

Mr. Editor:—"Pray Keep up your War upon Dogs," was the piece that first caught my attention on taking up the *Farmer* this noon. Up here in the country, we have no dog tax, and no man is paid for the sheep which die or are killed from his flock; consequently, we do not have many sheep killed by dogs. Our dogs are a great benefit to us by driving stray cattle from our doors and the wild animals from our premises. I have a little dog, which "C." would shoot if he had the liberty, who has killed twenty woodchucks this summer, and I have not heard of his killing any sheep, although there are plenty round here. "C." says, "Why give a bounty for wolves and wild-cats while you allow protection to the dogs, that do more damage in one year than all the wild animals do in ten." How would they catch their wild animals without dogs? Would they put their own noses to the ground and follow them to their lair? I trow not. Why do not such persons as "C." give their full name and place of residence? or is he ashamed to be found complaining against that useful and noble animal, the dog? In no age has man found a more faithful friend than his dog or horse. Man was never so faithful to man as the dog to his master. The dog is a help to the farmer to protect his fields, to the merchant to guard his property from thieves and robbers, and to the citizen as a playmate for his children. Some dogs will kill sheep, I allow, yet the generality of dogs will not. Why not shoot every dove that flies over your premises, under the charge that he is no profit to his owner, and that he destroys your grain fields? Why not shoot a man's rabbits, under the same pretence? Are the persons who talk about dogs' damages the same that talk about the poor, abused crow, or are they somebody else? We have subscribed for the *Farmer* ten years, and I have seen much pro and con about the worthless dog. If you know Mr. "C.'s" address, please send this letter to him, or give it a place in your paper, that he may see it. I call on every friend of the dog to stand in his defence.

Alexandria, N. H. George F. Holt.

Remarks.—Nothing was made in vain. For everything that the All-wise Creator has formed, there is a proper place, where it may be made useful to man. With our correspondent, the dog may be so; but he must not think strange that others, who have suffered by the depredations of dogs, should think differently. Where game is abundant, and may be made useful as food, or where it is dangerous, a good dog may be useful to his master; but a man has no right to subject me to the expense and *danger* of keeping a dog to drive his cattle out of my fields or away from my door. There is a law in New Hampshire which ought to regulate the matter of cattle running at large.

Our correspondent says, "The dog is a help to the citizen as a playmate for his children." If he could see the awful cases of pain and terrible death that we frequently find noticed in our exchange papers, caused by the bite of one of these "playmates," we think he would sometimes shudder on seeing one of his children frolicking with his dog. Two shocking cases—one of a man, the other of a child—have occurred in the city of Boston within a short time, where death ensued in its most frightful form, and similar ones are reported every week, if not every day in the year.

In most parts of Massachusetts, there is certainly no real use for dogs. We have no bitterness of feeling in this matter. Our rule is to leave every man to the enjoyment of his own notions, if they do not molest us or prejudice the public. We like dogs, and kept them until we became satisfied that, to us, they were both useless and dangerous, and since "poor Trim" died of a bullet, causing every eye in the family to be suffused with tears, no dog has been owned on our premises. We could say of "Trim" as did the soldier—

> "My dog's the trustiest of his kind,
> With gratitude inflames my mind;
> I mark his true, his faithful way,
> And in my service copy Tray."

And "Trim" came to his end through his very faithfulness. He never allowed a strange dog upon the premises, unless accompanied by his master, and he never failed to drive them off, however large and ferocious they might be,—for if he found one that was likely to prove too much for him, like a lightning stroke, he would catch the fore paw of his enemy in his mouth, and put one of his sharp canines through the leg, just above the paw, and in an instant the stoutest mastiff was his prisoner. This was not a chance stroke, but his practice; and, if the dog were a large one, that terrible grip would sometimes continue for an hour.

One day, a large black dog was seen upon the premises, and "Trim," with his head up, and his large, bushy tail curled gracefully over his back, was warning him off in the true Pickwickian style; but the strange dog, disregarding the courteous warnings of "Trim," resented and resisted; upon which some skirmishing took place, some savage growls were heard, and not a little dog's hair was seen going down the wind! But he ejected him, large as he was, from the premises, and stood on the bank-wall snuffing the wind, the very personification of a hero who had just won a glorious field!

A few minutes later, in another part of the

neighborhood, there was a terrible cry of "mad dog, mad dog!" and sure enough, a "large, black dog" attacked a man, who sprang upon a horse standing by, then he attacked the horse, and in succession two men who were near. Of course, all sorts of weapons were put in requisition, but two or three charges of buck shot from an old Revolutionary musket, gave the poor brute his quietus. This was the second or third alarm that morning, occasioned by the attacks of this mad dog in our neighborhood. He bit several dogs, and attacked three or four individuals, but happily, did not bite the latter.

It was the heroic conduct of "Trim," in driving off this same rabid dog, that led to his untimely end—for no confidence could be placed in his soundness, after a combat with an animal known to be mad.

SEAL HUNTING.

The pursuit of the great Spitzbergen seal (*Phoca barbata,*) although it lacks the wild excitement of the chase of the sea horse, is a very delightful amusement. The great seal will never allow himself to be "caught napping." I do not think I ever saw a sleeping seal which did not, about once in every three or four minutes, raise his head from the ice and look uneasily around; so that he cannot be harpooned in his sleep, like his more lethargic congener, the walrus. Imagine this greater watchfulness on the part of the seal to arise from the greater cause they have to apprehend being "stalked" by the bears while taking their siesta; however this may be, recourse must be had to the rifle before the harpoon comes into play in the case of *Phoca barbata*, and to make good work with them requires the perfection of rifle-practice, for if a seal be not shot stone dead on the ice he is almost certain to roll or jerk himself into the water, and sink or escape; and as a seal never lies more than twelve inches from the edge of the ice, the most trifling spark of life is enough.

The only part of the huge carcass in which a bullet will cause the requisite amount of "sudden death" is the brain, and this, in the biggest seal, is not larger than an orange. A seal will seldom allow the boat to approach nearer than fifty or sixty yards, and a large proportion take the alarm much sooner. Every rifle volunteer and every gunmaker's apprentice who reads this will probably exclaim, "O, there's no difficulty in that; I can hit an orange every shot at one hundred yards!" This may be true, my gallant volunteer or skillful gunmaker, but you have not yet taken into account that the boat is heaving more or less from the motion of the waves, and that the slab of ice on which your orange is lying is heaving also; and this, upon consideration, you will admit increases the "difficulty" a little; neither Lord David Kennedy nor myself were altogether tyros in the use of the rifle before we began, but we found the difficulty considerable; however, after a few days we became adepts at it, and rarely missed shooting a seal dead. The rifles we both used were elliptical four-barrelled Lancasters of forty-guage. During the last one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards of the boat's approach to the seal the steersman alone propels it by gently paddling it with two oars, one eye on the seal and the other on his oars; if the seal looks in the direction of the boat, he stops rowing, and great care is requisite on his part to avoid coming against pieces of ice, which make a rasping noise, almost sure to attract the attention of the seal. I need hardly observe that the boat must also keep carefully to leeward, as the seal has an acute sense of smell; and if the advantage of the sun can be obtained in addition, the moments of *Phoca barbata* are probably numbered. I always knelt in the bow of the boat, and selected my own opportunity to fire, and, the moment the rifle was discharged, all the men rowed with their utmost strength to the spot, where, if the seal showed any symptoms of life, I always darted a harpoon into him; but, if he seemed quite dead, some one jumped out and struck the hack-pick into his head, and dragged him away from the edge for fear he should come alive again. This is not an unnecessary precaution, as I have known a seal, apparently stone dead, give a convulsive kick over the brink of the ice, and go to the bottom like a sixty-eight pound shot, while his proprietors, as they delusively considered themselves, were standing within two feet of him.

When the seal is fairly dead, all the men except one get on the ice, and with their knives they strip the skin and blubber, in one sheet, off his body in a very few minutes. The carcass or "krop" is then thrown into the sea, that it may not be mistaken for a live seal at a distance; the blubber is laid flat in the bottom of the boat, and you proceed in quest of more, or return to ship.

A full-sized Spitzbergen seal, in good condition, is about nine and a half or ten feet long, by six or six and a half feet in circumference, and weighs six hundred pounds or upward. The skin and fat amount to about one half the total weight. The blubber lies in one layer of two or three inches thick underneath the skin, and yields about one half of its own weight of fine oil. The value of a seal of course varies with the state of the oil market all over the world; but, at the time of which I write, oil being unusually cheap, they only averaged about five or six dollars apiece; but still the fact of the animals being of some use, contributed to render the chase of them much more exciting, as nothing can be more distasteful or unsatisfactory to the feelings of a true sportsman than taking the life of anything which is to be of no use when dead.—*Seasons among the Sea Horses.*

ADMINISTERING MEDICINE TO HORSES.—I consider the usual method of giving medicine to horses by drenching, as it is called, highly objectionable. In this process, the horse's head is raised and held up, a bottle introduced into his mouth, his tongue pulled out, and the liquid poured down. In his struggle, some of the medicine is quite likely to be drawn into his windpipe and lungs, and inflammation and fatal results sometimes follow. A better way is to mix the medicine with meal, or rye bran; make it into balls; pull out the horse's tongue, and place a ball as far back in his mouth as possible; then

release his tongue, and he will almost certainly swallow the ball. Or the dose may be mixed with meal and honey, or other substance that will form a kind of jelly, placed upon a small wooden blade made of a shingle, and thrust into the back part of his mouth, when he will very easily swallow it.—GEORGE BEAVER, *in American Agriculturist.*

LEAVES AS MANURE.

Leaf manure has long been held in high estimation by gardeners and floriculturists, as affording one of the best substances known as a food for plants. Many, however, regard it as a purely vegetable substance, whereas it is rich in mineral matters which have a direct and powerful tendency to improve the constitutional texure and character of any soil to which they may be applied. The alimentary substances which contribute to the sustenance and growth of vegetables are, for the most part, taken up in a state of solution by the roots. In this condition all of the mineral ingredients discovered in plants are introduced into the system; such, for instance, as silex, lime, potassa, magnesia, alumina, &c. The sap, which is the medium of this transmission and assimilation, passes into the leaf, where the watery particles are thrown out by evaporation through the minute spiracles on the upper surface of the leaf, and the mineral matters retained and distributed through the plant, and in part through the vascular structure of the leaf itself.

To illustrate more fully the truth of the position assumed, we present the following analysis of the leaves of the pear tree, plucked in May, immediately after the falling of the blossoms:—

Carbonic acid	11.660
Silicic acid	1.750
Phosphates	25.050
Lime	4.715
Magnesia	4.500
Potash	18.950
Soda	15 190
Sulphuric acid, chlorine, and organic acids, not determined	
	81.715

By comparing the results of analyses of the same tree made in the spring and fall, it will be found that the older the leaf is the greater will be the amount of mineral matters contained in it. It will also be found that the foliage of trees contains more mineral matter than the solid wood of the trunk.

In the matured foliage of the elm, (*Ulmus Americana,*) upwards of eleven per cent. of earthy matter—ashes—may be found, while the solid wood contains less than two per cent.; he leaves of the willow more than eight per cent., while the wood has only 0.44; those of the beech, 6.67, the wood only 0.35; those of the European oak, 4.06, the wood only 0.22; those of the pitch pine, 3.13, the wood only 0.27 per cent.

These facts demonstrate, conclusively, that the application of leaves as a manure must be succeeded by advantageous results. Every leaf applied in this way restores to the soil something of which it has, in the process of vegetation, been deprived. In this way the mineral ingredients of the soil are forced through a certain routine, and a constant circulation, or reciprocity of action, is kept up between the soil and the vegetable beings it supports and perfects.

Entering the sap in solution through the mouths or spongioles of the terminal rootlets, they circulate through the system, and are ultimately deposited in the substance of the leaf, which, in due course of time, falls to the earth, and by its decay restores them once more to the soil, and in a condition the most favorable for again travelling the circuit in which they are destined endlessly to revolve.

The soils of our forests, it is well known, never run out, or are so far depreciated as not to be able to supply abundant aliment to the gigantic vegetation they are found to support. The reason of this is obvious. They annually receive back the greatest portion of the mineral constituents of the trees, together with no inconsiderable quantity of organized matter, derived from the atmosphere.

Were the leaves to be removed every autumn from the forest lands, the same as grain, grass, and root crops, are removed from arable soils, the impoverishment consequent upon such a course would be no less obvious in the one case than in the other; they would "run out"—the vegetation would be weak and sickly, and to support it, we should be under the necessity of applying, annually, large and increasing quantities of manure.

Leaves unquestionably afford a rich material for manure, and no farmer who has a wood-lot in the vicinity of his farm, should neglect to accumulate large quantities, to be used as litter for his animals during winter, or as a coating for his yards and other enclosures where animals are confined, and where the leaves will be in a situation readily to absorb the liquid voidings, and thus be reduced more speedily to the condition of aliment for growing crops. No compost heap should be formed without them, where they can be obtained, and compost made exclusively of them and other decomposable vegetable matters, will be found not only an economical, but efficient aid of fertility on any and every soil.

CURE FOR CATARRH.—The following simple remedy has been used with great success by one long and severely troubled with this annoying complaint.

Take, say one part pulverized loaf-sugar to two parts pulverized camphor, and mix them thoroughly together, and use as often as the patient

wishes in the form of snuff. This simple remedy followed for a few months, has effected a cure in the case above referred to, entirely beyond expectation. Should the camphor be too powerful or not enough so, reduce or add a small quantity as the case may require, as it is desirable that the camphor should be the principal agent.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

HARVESTING POTATOES.

I suppose, in this free country, you expect and wish for a free expression of opinion, provided only no treason is lurking about, even if it be in opposition to your own. With this view I shall proceed to differ from you a little in the matter of harvesting potatoes.

My experience is in favor of digging as soon as ripe, for the following reasons: If we have heavy rains late in autumn, the ground does not dry as readily as in August or early in September, and consequently, adheres to the tubers in the form of mud, and I think they are not near so mealy after lying in the saturated soil for several days as they frequently do. They are also liable to become scurfy if left after becoming fully ripe. In some cases, too, they are exposed to the depredations of rats and worms.

Another consideration of some importance, is that we frequently have more leisure at the time when they ripen, than late in fall, and there is no necessity for hurrying to get them out of the way of frost.

These remarks may not apply to some localities where the soil is very dry and the facilities for good storage are deficient.

I would suggest that the soil will be much less impoverished if the tops are covered while digging potatoes, especially when dug before they are dried up. This may easily be done by throwing them into the hill last dug and then hauling the earth on them from the next hill. No trace of them will remain in spring except vegetable mould. W. F. Bassett.

Ashfield, Aug. 27, 1861.

CAUTION—WHEAT.

In one of the numbers of the *Farmer* there was a communication from "E. L. Coy," stating that if any one would send him a few post-office stamps he would send them a package of sweet German turnip seed. I sent the stamps but received no seed. I wish you would mention this, that others may not get served as I have been.

I have a piece of wheat, about one-half of which is covered with the plant-louse, as many as two hundred on a head.

Hay plenty—other crops light.

What is the price of bone meal, and where can I get it the handiest? William Oxton.

Thomaston, Me., Aug., 1861.

DISEASE AMONG THE TURKEYS.

I wish to inquire whether any of the readers of the *Farmer* have been troubled with a distemper among their turkeys. I had one hundred very fine young turkeys of the large variety, in one flock; they were doing finely till about two weeks ago, when I noticed that some of them were drooping, and since then about thirty have died. I have tried different remedies, but to no purpose; they droop around three or four days, some of them eating up to the last hour before they die. Their crops are full of grain and bugs, as if they did not believe in dying hungry. If any reader of the *Farmer* can suggest what will be beneficial, I should like to hear it. A. W. Wilcox.

Poultney, Vt., Aug., 1861.

STRAWBERRIES AND GRAPE VINES.

I wish to inquire in regard to the best kind of strawberries for cultivation among the several varieties offered to the public. Which affords the most fruit, and which the best quality?

Are there any circulars printed describing the manner of cultivation, time of setting, &c.? If not, can you give some information on the subject. If there is any material difference between the Bunce, Cutter Seedling, Austin Shaker Seedling, in what does it consist, and which has the preference?

I should also like to be informed if a large and thrifty barren grape vine could be made to bear.

Fishersville, Aug., 1861. Subscriber.

Remarks.—During the month of August, just passed, we have given all the information needed by any one, to go into the cultivation of the strawberry. We know of no way to make the barren grape vine prolific but by grafting it.

THE PEAR BLIGHT.

I have a fine pear tree that has been suddenly attacked with the fire blight. I should like your opinion in regard to the treatment of the same. All I have ever done has been to cut off the part affected close to the stem or branch.

Worcester, August, 1861. G. H. Perry.

Remarks.—We know of no other remedy than the one you have applied. Barry says—"The only remedy is, to cut away instantly the blighted parts, into the sound wood, where there is not the slightest trace of disease, and burn them up immediately." He further adds, that, "some *special* applications, such as coal, cinders, iron filings, copperas, &c., have been suggested, but no evidence has yet been produced of their efficacy."

A BROTHER QUILL'S OPINION.

I cannot get along without your advice. I will publish your advertisement, notice you, exhibit you, keep you and have you bound, copy from you, credit you and love you, if you will make your visit to my office. If any back numbers can be spared, let them come with you. Try me. and see if I do not treat you handsomely.

ESSEX PIGS.

I wish to inquire through the *Farmer* where I can get a pair of full blood Essex pigs.

Bradford, Vt., 1861. A Subscriber.

Remarks. — Three or four years since this breed of swine was in the neighborhood of Boston—but recently we have seen none.

SOWING ONIONS IN THE FALL.

Many farmers and gardeners—especially those who wish to have their onions ready for the market towards the close of spring, or commencement of summer—sow the seed in autumn. From the last of August to the first half of September is probably the most favorable season for this business, although a week or two earlier or later will not essentially affect the crop. The plan is thought judicious by many on several accounts.

In the first place, it enables the grower to occupy the soil for the production of a valuable and marketable product, from which a previous crop has been taken, and which, but for this system of alternation, would remain idle for a considerable portion of the year. Onions may be sowed after a crop of early peas, beans, corn or turnips. In the second place, it will enable him to obtain an early crop, which will be ready for market several weeks before his neighbors', who follow the old practice of sowing in the spring. There are at present but few vegetables which yield a larger and more certain profit than the onion. It almost always commands a fair price and a ready market, and for family use, especially during winter, is one of the most wholesome, as well as palatable vegetables with which our tables are supplied.

By clearing the surface of the soil, stirring it to the depth of three inches, by means of an iron-tooth rake or other implement, and manuring with soot, charcoal, gypsum, house ashes and lime in equal proportions, a good crop may usually be secured. The compost should be applied previous to sowing the seed, say one bushel to the square rod, and as soon as the plants make their appearance, the same material should be sown upon them. In the spring, as soon as the soil is sufficiently dry, the beds should be top-dressed with the same, or with soot and plaster, or if soot cannot be procured, charcoal finely pulverized by passing a heavy roller over it on a firm floor, will be found an excellent substitute. Irrigating with stale urine, or with soap-suds fresh from the laundry, has an excellent effect upon the crop.

In Scotland, gardens are shown where the onion has been cultivated with success for a series of upwards of seventy consecutive years, without the ground being plowed or spaded, and with no other stimulant being applied than coal dust, ashes and soot.

A gentleman informs us that he has seen onions four inches high by the last of September, and more vigorous, apparently, than those of the same age in the spring.

The cold of winter has no other effect upon the crop than merely to arrest the growth, and as soon as the frost is out of the ground in the spring, and before the temperature of the atmosphere is sufficiently genial to stimulate the circulation of sap in less hardy vegetables, the onions commence growing, and continue to increase in size till mature, without injury from disease or debility of any kind.

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

Let sailors sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart this toast I'll keep,
The Independent Farmer.
When first the rose, in robe of green
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And 'round his cottage porch is seen
The honeysuckle twining;
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field,
Where skies are soft and sunny.

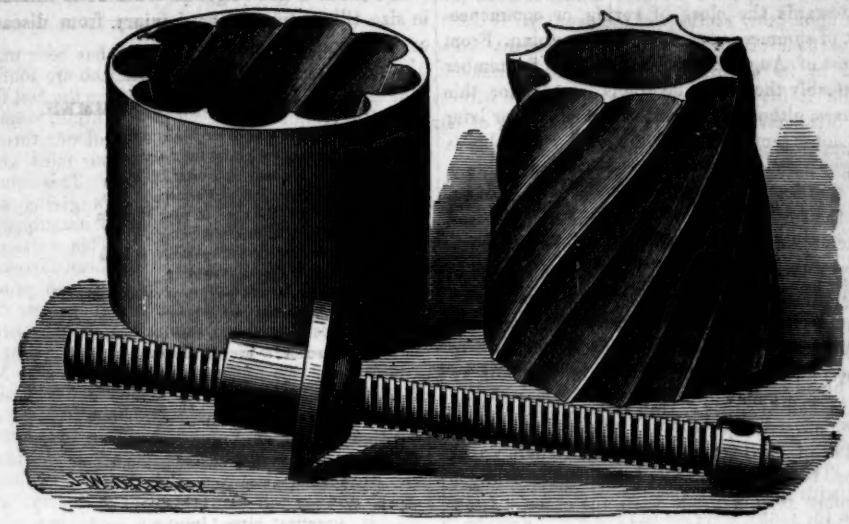
The blackbird clucks behind the plow,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
Yon orchard hides behind its bough
The home he loves so dearly;
The grey old barn whose doors unfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure;
But yonder in the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all his lands—
The Independent Farmer.

To him the Spring comes dancingly,
To him the Summer blushes,
The Autumn smiles with mellow ray.
He sleeps, old Winter hushes.
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts nor fears confound him;
His little flocks are linked in love,
And household angels round him;
He trusts in God and loves his wife,
Nor griefs nor ills may harm her;
He's Nature's nobleman in life—
The Independent Farmer.—*Farmer's Mag.*

SALT FOR SWINE.

While all other domestic animals are regularly supplied with salt, the hog is generally neglected. He requires, however, to be as constantly supplied as the ox, the horse or the sheep, and suffers as much from its privation as either of the abovementioned animals do. His food is almost invariably fed to him in a fresh and unseasoned state, and to this fact we may doubtless attribute many of the violent and fatal diseases to which he is subject, and which stagger all remedies, however promptly or skillfully administered. If the food be not regularly seasoned, there should be a trough or box in every sty, in which salt may be deposited regularly for the use of the animals. Seasoning the food judiciously, however, would be much the best way.

On slaughtering swine in the fall, many persons complain that they find worms in the kidneys and some other parts of the animal. May this not be occasioned by a want of salt?



NEW IRON APPLE GRINDER.

The above cut represents the parts separate of a new apple grinder and a cider-press screw, manufactured by Messrs. Barstow & Palmer, of Norwich, Conn.

The grinder is made very strong, so that it not only grinds the apples, but if by chance a stone or other hard substance gets among them the mill is neither stopped nor injured.

Testimonials from those who have used it, say it grinds up stones and all. We apprehend that not much cider will be made in New England this fall, but if any one has any spare apples he may like to know that such a *grinder* exists.

For the New England Farmer.

CROPS AND PATRIOTISM IN THE WEST.

I used to wonder why so many people were anxious to leave comfortable homes in New England for new and often uncomfortable homes in the West, with few privileges, and exposed to severe sickness, deprivations and trials.

After a residence of six years in the West, and looking at the subject from both sections, my wonder now is that so many are contented to remain in New England, where money is worth so little, and land and other things so much, when many parts of the West have become well settled, with good privileges, land very cheap and highly productive, and a climate surpassing in salubrity any part of New England.

It has heretofore been believed that we could not raise fruit in this latitude and longitude, especially apples and pears; while New England was sure of a crop every year. But this year, you have none, or next to none, and we have a fair supply for the age and size of our orchards. I planted twelve apple trees in my garden, five years ago, which now measure less than three inches in diameter, and on eight of them I have fine fruit. A dwarf pear tree in my neighbor's yard, less than two inches in diameter, has eighty sound pears on it! A single orchard in Muscatine County, next south of Cedar, has more than a thousand bushels of fruit, as I am told. It must, however, be admitted, that the winters are generally severe on our fruit trees, unless protected by forests or hedges.

We have had very warm and dry weather, this summer. Recent and powerful rains have secured our crops against drought, and been succeeded by cooler weather. All our crops will be fair, but none of them extra; wheat about three-fourths as much per acre as last year. Prices are low, and labor scarce and high. Many are gone to the war, and more can be had if wanted.

Massachusetts has wonderfully risen in the estimation of many in this region, since the 19th of April, 1861. One good result of the war will be to bring the East and West into better acquaintance, closer sympathy and faster friendship than ever before. What the end will be, God only knows. If it shall be the uprooting of that terrible evil which has brought about this fearful state of things, we may well accept the chastisement and judgment which were the condition of so desirable an event. M. K. C.

Tipton, Cedar Co., Iowa, Aug. 17, 1861.

REMARKS.—We can assure our correspondent that the East regards the West and its noble

people as a portion of our nation which is rapidly rising into opulence and power, and destined not only to exert a decided influence upon this, but upon other sections of the country. It cheers us to hear of its prosperity in abundant crops, and in its scientific and literary advancement, while it inspires us with hope when we witness its loyal devotion to the great interests of our common country.

THE SOIL BREATHES.

Certainly it does, just as truly as you do. A few years since, if one asserted that trees had lungs and breathed, he would have been held to an argument to prove it; just as a few years earlier nobody would have believed that a fish's gills, and the leaves of a tree, and the lungs of a beast, all performed the same office, that of aerating the blood or sap.

The soil breathes. How does it breathe? Its circulating fluid, the blood of the soil, is water; this comes to it from the air, and is already aerated. True, but this soon loses its gases by contact with the soil, just as the arterial blood fresh from the lungs, loses its oxygen when passing its circuit in all parts of the body. The blood comes back to the lungs for more oxygen, but the blood of the soil cannot do this, so we must let the air in, to come in contact with it. We cannot here explain the working of the air in the soil, but would thus briefly enforce the necessity of stirring the soil during droughts as deeply as practicable, not to interfere with the roots of growing plants, and those of previous culture, so that a deep and light soil shall invite a free circulation of air beneath the surface. Hot air, the moment it presses beneath the surface, becomes very moist, from the water which it originally contained, and it deposits it, thus not only aerating the soil, but adding to its moisture. Cold air can hold but little moisture, but hot air dissolves an immense quantity, which it deposits when it cools, or on cool surfaces. Who has not noticed of a winter's day, a locomotive leaving behind it a snowy cloud of vapor, like a comet's tail, often floating for a minute after the train has passed? Think of this, and watch the steam car on days when the hot breath, just as full of water as in winter, is puffed out into the eye of the sun, and not steam enough shows to make a shadow, it is so quickly absorbed by the air.

THRUSHES.—We have several articles now on hand in relation to these interesting birds, which, if we publish all of them, would exclude our usual variety, and be yielding perhaps too much space to a topic in which there are many who feel but little interest. We give one from our constant and intelligent correspondent, S. P. FOWLER, Esq., which we think may clear up the confusion which exists. If our Springfield correspondent, "J. A. A.," finds it does, we will omit his article. If he does not, his article will be given soon. It is pleasant to find so many persons interested to set the matter right.

For the New England Farmer.

AN ATTEMPT TO CLEAR UP THE CONFUSION EXISTING ABOUT THRUSHES.

BY S. P. FOWLER.

In the family of thrushes there has been much confusion in the minds of many who are fond of the study of ornithology, arising from the fact that Wilson, Audubon, and perhaps Nuttall, seem to have had an imperfect knowledge of our thrushes, and omitted to notice one of our most common species, (*Turdus Olivaceus.*) This confusion is also increased by Wilson's giving us a figure of one species of thrush to accompany a description of another species. This entanglement in our ornithology has since been increased by Swainson, and others. The confusion principally exists in the three following species, viz: The Hermit Thrush, Wilson's Thrush and Olive-backed Thrush. The last named bird, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was noticed by Mr. J. P. Giraud, Jun., who published a description of it, and gave it its present name in his work entitled "Birds of Long Island," in 1844. But the discovery is said to have been made in 1843. Dr. Brewer, of Boston, a distinguished ornithologist, however, made the same discovery, and gave it the same name, about the same time, without having known the fact that it had been noticed by Mr. Giraud. The author of the "Birds of Long Island," page 91, informs us that, "On referring to the Minutes of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, he found in the month of December, 1839, a communication made by the late H. C. De Rham, in reference to a confusion existing among the North American *Turdinea*, [Thrushes.] Mr. De Rham, in his communication, stated that he had detected a confusion in the arrangement of this branch of our ornithology, but not having had an opportunity fully to investigate the subject, he was not at that moment prepared to unravel it, but he hoped to be able to do so at a future period. Shortly after this statement, and while practically in pursuit of this department of Natural History, [Ornithology,] he fell a victim to disease. By that sad event the Society was deprived of a highly valuable member, and the science of Ornithology of one of its most zealous and liberal supporters."

Mr. Giraud, in continuing his remarks, says: "In pursuing the same subject, we find the confusion relative to the synonyms applied to thrushes by various authors still exists. After a careful investigation, made by comparisons with specimens in my possession, as well as those in the extensive collection of Messrs. Lawrence and Bell, it is found that the above thrush was first described in the *Fauna Boreali*, or Northern Zoology, by Swainson and Richardson, under the name of *Merula Wilsonii*, mistaking it, as we suppose, for the *T. Wilsonii*, of Bonaparte, and describing the true *T. Wilsonii* under the name of M. Minor, which applies to the Hermit Thrush, T. Minor, of Gmelin. As the matter now stands, we feel at liberty to separate it from other species, by applying the name of [*T. Olivaceus,*] Olive-backed Thrush.

Dr. Brewer has effectually cleared up the confusion existing in the small thrushes, in his communication in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History, vol. 1, page 190, where

he called the attention of the Society, at their meeting July 17th, 1844, to some facts tending to clear up the confusion and errors in the history of the Hermit Thrush, (*Turdus Solitarius*, Wilson.) He said there are three distinct species which, by different authors, have been strangely mixed up. Wilson described one as *Turdus Mustetinus*, Tawny Thrush. This is common, and is known as *T. Wilsonii*. The second is described by Wilson under the name of *T. Solitarius*, Hermit Thrush; but under the same name he has also given a figure of a third species, every way distinct. This last is not described in either of the works of Audubon. Swainson recognizes three species, but has confounded them in a remarkable manner. The first, he describes as a new species, *merula minor*; the second, he describes as *merula solitaria*, but accompanies it with a plate of the third species, while he confounds the third with *T. Wilsonii*. In De la Sagra's work on Cuba, all three species are thrown together, and called *merula minor*. In Audubon, correct descriptions are given of two species, but the habits, locality, &c., of the third, are given as those of *M. Solitaria*. The specific marks of the three species are briefly summed up by Dr. Brewer as follows:

Merula Wilsonii, (Wilson's Thrush,)—Uniform foxy color; breast clouded rather than spotted; common in New England, and to the North; not found in Pennsylvania, except in its migrations; nests in bushes; eggs blue, unspotted.

Merula Solitaria, (Hermit Thrush,)—Rufus brown, back tinged with olive; cinnamon spot on the under part of wing; breast deeply spotted on a white ground; tail slightly forked. Passes north early in April; a northern species, rarely breeding so far to the south as Massachusetts; nests on the ground; eggs bright green, unspotted.

Merula Olivacea, Brewer, (Olive-backed Thrush,)—Back uniformly olive brown; no tinge of rufus; tail uniform with the back; ground color of breast salmon, strongly spotted; tail even; nests on trees; eggs spotted with brown, on a blue ground; most abundant in the State of Pennsylvania, and to the South.

I have supposed, with Mr. C. S. Paine, an accurate observer of our birds, that there is still one more species of our small woodland thrushes yet undescribed. Any one desirous of pursuing the entanglement in the family of our thrushes, can consult Mr. Baird's report on our birds in the 9th volume of the Pacific Railroad Surveys, page 208.

Danversport, Aug. 20, 1861.

For the New England Farmer.

ONION AND OTHER CROPS.

To-day, in company with an intelligent friend from the hills of the Granite State, I visited the finely cultivated lands on the Marblehead shore. There we saw crops of cabbages, carrots, onions, &c., as fine and as abundant as the most avaricious would desire. Aye, even onions. I was assured that Mr. Alley has a field of onions that will yield 600 bushels to the acre—notwithstanding the ravages of the maggot. I saw on the farm of Mr. Ware, several acres which I should have estimated 500 bushels to the acre, had not his modesty forbid the estimate. On the same gentleman's land were several acres of carrots, which he admitted would yield thirty tons to the acre. Suppose them to be worth $10 per ton, this would give a produce of $300 per acre,—pretty well, this, for *war time*. My friend was quite astounded to see such crops; and when he inquired for the manure heap they used, was shown the beach at the foot of the field, where waves have rolled for years unnumbered. Mr. W. said his men and teams were then engaged in collecting material on a distant beach; all they had to do was to gather it in piles, and then it would soon be in condition to be put upon the land; with what effect, you will judge from the products before mentioned. J. W. P.

South Danvers, Aug. 20, 1861.

For the New England Farmer.

HOW TO BUILD CISTERNS.

DEAR SIR:—I see that you published my directions for building cisterns in last week's *Farmer*, but I regret exceedingly that you did not read proof better. It is very natural for us to have an exalted opinion of our own children, and when I had written those directions, I thought a man could take them, and with a shovel and trowel, a few hundred brick and three barrels of cement, build the cheapest and best cistern in the world. But as printed, I don't know what sort of a thing a man would build if he followed the directions. In the twentieth line from the top it should be "*Shave the top sloping inwards*," and not *shove*, as printed, and from the trap door to the waste pipe, it is all wrong, and I will re-write it. *Smooth the bottom with a sink in the middle, for dirt to settle in, and lay a flat stone where the pump pipe goes, and plaster with a good thick coat of cement. Put in the conductors, cement around them, and go over the whole inside with a wash of cement, about the consistency of thick whitewash, and it is done, probably for all time.* These corrections would probably be best understood if you were to reprint the directions, leaving off the preamble before "Draw a circle ten feet," &c. You can do as you think best. My only object is to enlighten the public upon a very important matter. A. G. DEWEY.

Quechee, Vt., Aug. 26, 1861.

REMARKS.—We read the first article of our correspondent, on building cisterns, with pleasure, because the subject is an important one, and with our usual care. We are somewhat accustomed to reading manuscripts, and can read anything that looks like writing at arm's length. We have, also, an experienced and careful proof-reader, and the *Farmer* is usually quite free from typographical errors. May not those which are detected be fairly attributed to some other cause? We certainly had to puzzle our head somewhat to make out our correspondent's first article. While we mean to exercise great care ourselves, we beg our correspondents, for the sake of their own credit and comfort, to be equally careful to send us legible manuscripts.

For the New England Farmer.

SAVE YOUR SEED CORN.

There have lately been several seasons in which corn matured very imperfectly, especially in 1859 and 1860. Much of the corn planted in 1860 and 1861 came up slowly, exhibited a sickly appearance, and in some fields there was only a small portion that came up at all. This difficulty may in a great measure be remedied by selecting and saving seed corn from the field.

When living in the West a few years since, I did as most farmers in New England do: top the stalks, and at planting time go to the crib and pick out my seed corn. When my first crop was on the ground, I sent a man in the month of September to top the stalks, and on his return, he said to some person that had not seen the corn, that it made his arms ache to reach up so high, to cut the stalks above the ears, and was laughed at for saying so. The next time he went to the field, he cut to the ground and brought home two stalks with ears and tops; one with one ear, the other with two. I measured them, and found one was fourteen feet, the other fourteen feet six inches, in length. I tied them up to the ceiling, where they remained till the next planting time.

When my ground was being planted, I directed my man to plant these ears, and mark the rows where he put them. When the corn was coming up, I noticed two rows came up earlier and more vigorously than those on either side, and in a week after, the corn in these two rows was a third larger, and was of a dark green color, while the other had more or less a sickly appearance. I could not account for the difference.

I afterwards asked my man where he planted those ears. He said, "So many rows from the west end," and in counting, I found those two rows the ones alluded to. This corn kept the lead, made a larger crop, and matured before that on either side.

Let me advise the readers of the *Farmer* to go into their corn field early, and select the best ears and those that ripen first. Save the whole, ear, but and top, and place on poles, in a dry, airy situation. I do not advise topping the stalks of any part of the crop. The corn and fodder are both better for being cut and put into shocks. The top, if retained, will better mature the grain.

But many good farmers think it not expedient to save the crop in this way, and will continue the old practice of topping the stalks. If they will adopt the plan I have suggested in saving their seed corn, they will find it but little trouble, and the advantage gained will often save much labor in replanting; it will make a better crop, and mature earlier. J. R. H.

COLIC IN HORSES.

This disease, says the *Valley Farmer*, is a very common one, and if taken in time may be easily cured in most cases. It is not unfrequently confounded with inflammation of the bowels, but is easily distinguished as follows: Colic has no increase of the pulse, which is not over fifty a minute; the animal often rolls; the disease intermits, and there is but little fever. With inflammation of the bowels there is much fever; the pulse is sometimes a hundred a minute; the attack is gradual; the disease does not intermit.

When colic arises from bad food, a pint or so of a solution of saleratus will often afford entire relief. As it assumes more of a spasmodic character, peppermint and ginger may be added. We have used, with entire and immediate success, a small spoonful of saleratus, the same quantity of ginger, and a teaspoonful of peppermint, added to a pint of nearly boiling hot water, and given from a junk bottle. Powdered charcoal is one of the best and safest medicines for any disease resulting from derangement of digestion, and two or three ounces or more, mixed with water, may be given at any time with great advantage.

Inflammation of the bowels is generally increased by irritating medicines. A drink of slippery elm, hourly, giving the horse but little food, and letting him stand, is safe treatment.—*Montgomery Ledger.*

For the New England Farmer.

WOODLAND SCENES---No. 1.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."—Byron.

Few persons, even among those who live in close proximity to large tracts of woodland, are aware of the pleasure and profit which can be derived from an occasional ramble amid the solitudes and wild beauties of nature. To fully enjoy a walk in the woods, one must throw all care and anxiety to the winds, and give his whole attention to the surrounding scenes.

A short time since, in company with a friend from the city, I took a walk in a large tract of woodland, which extends over an area of many hundreds of acres. It was in the afternoon of a cloudy day in "hay-time;" one of those cool, delicious days, which are so refreshing to the tired laborer after several days, or weeks of hot, dry weather. Taking our guns and dog with us, not with the expectation of finding game, but as a safeguard against any sudden attack by Southern rebels, or other desperadoes, whether in human or inhuman shape, we followed for awhile an ancient cart path, which, since my remembrance, led through a venerable growth of pine and oak. Alas! the destructive hand of man has here been busy, and the ancient forest has disappeared; but a young and thrifty growth of oak and hickory is fast springing up to hide the ruins of former ages. Our path soon led us near the brink of a deep glen or ravine, which was once called "The Dark Valley." The original forest which surrounded it and extended down its steep sides, was so tall and dense, that at mid-day no ray of the sun could penetrate its twilight darkness. But its former glory—the majestic trees of the wild wood—has departed and been made subservient to the wants of civilization: many generations will pass away ere its deep shadows will again return.

We came in a short time to a larger growth of wood, not the original one, but what is called the "second growth." The trees in this place were of quite a respectable size, but they were mere pigmies compared with the stately monarchs of the woods beneath which the wild Indians built their wigwams, and hunted the bear and deer. The path here came to a termination, or was so grown up that we could not trace it, and we proceeded on through the trackless forest, pausing occasionally to rest upon the moss-grown rocks, or to gather the sweet-scented wild flowers which grew

in profusion around us. As we walked along, a startled rabbit would frequently give a few thumps with his feet upon the ground and bound away; a partridge would suddenly fly up almost from under our feet, and with a whirring sound quickly disappear through the thick foliage.

The ground now began gradually to descend, and pushing our way through underbrush and tangled wild vines, we came all at once, with scarcely a previous glimpse, to the shore of a beautiful woodland lake. This lake, which is called "Long Pond," is of considerable extent, and is entirely surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills which are covered by an unbroken forest, and there is no human habitation within the distance of nearly a mile.

Seating ourselves upon one of the shelving rocks which skirt its eastern shore, we could not but go back in imagination to the time when the red man in his birch canoe skimmed lightly o'er its sparkling waters, in utter ignorance of the coming white man, and of the fate which awaited him and all his race, in consequence of the white man's appearance.

The solitude, which we had sought and found, was perfect: not a sound could be heard, but the sharp, rapid notes of the kingfisher, as he occasionally flew over the water in search of prey, and the clear, sweet melody of the wood-thrushes, which were warbling forth their hymns of praise in the tall oaks upon the opposite shore. The scene before us was calm and beautiful—inclining one to deep thought and reflection upon the past, present and future. There is no place on earth, it seems to me, more favorable to the cultivation of devotional and happy feelings, than one like this; for here we are entirely separated from the busy, anxious, jostling world, and can hold communion with the Maker of all things, in His own living temple. The poet Grahame has given a beautiful expression to these same thoughts:

"It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High;
There is a temple, one not made with hands—
The vaulted firmament; far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;
When not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save where the bee alights upon the bloom;—
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon;
Silence, his praise; his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyrean."

How harsh and discordant would be the sound of angry words, or the noise of human strife in this quiet solitude! It would be like drawing the brush across a beautiful painting, just finished; like driving a nail into a splendid mirror; or like the scathing, withering, terrible effect of the thunderbolt upon whomsoever or whatsoever it may fall. And yet, in our own beloved country—not far from its capital—in valleys as secluded and charming as the one I am describing, men, and *brothers*, are, at the present time, engaged in deadly warfare! These quiet vales are made to resound with volleys of musketry, with the sound of booming cannon, with the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying; the leaves of the forest are sprinkled with blood, and the earth is drenched with human gore. This may all be right and necessary in the present state of human affairs, but it is horrible to think of—especially when one is amid the calm, and almost sacred solitudes of nature.

This valley in which I am musing, is now quiet and peaceful, but who can say that it will not, at some future time, become the battle-ground of contending armies, and the pure waters of this placid lake be turned to crimson with the blood of thousands? God grant that the day may be far distant, if it ever comes.

We had been seated thus but a short time, before we espied at the northern shore of the pond, at the distance of about one-fourth of a mile, a thin wreath of smoke curling slowly upwards through the tops of the trees; we also discovered a boat, which was partially hidden by the drooping birches, upon the shore, and listening intently, heard the sound of voices and laughter. Who could it be? Had the Indians returned to their ancient hunting-grounds, and was this the smoke of their camp fire? Was it a roving band of gypsies, or a squad of Southern "fire-eaters", from the land of bondage, ignorance and abominable crimes? Presently, two men and a woman came down to the shore, stepped into the boat, launched out upon the water, and came directly towards us. We awaited their coming, not with breathless anxiety, but with considerable curiosity. They came about half the distance which intervened between us and themselves, paused, dropped anchor, and—quietly began to fish. To gratify a desire to hear the echoes of the woods, I fired my rifle into the air; the effect was surprising. For a moment, the sound of guns could be heard in every direction, and it was easy to imagine that the woods were full of armed men. The people in the boat seemed much startled, and looked this way and that, hardly knowing from whence the sound proceeded. They had probably thought themselves to be as safe from intrusion as we had imagined ourselves to be, but a few moments before.

My companion had a great desire to know more of this fishing-party, for such it was; and to gratify this curiosity, we concluded to go around to the place from whence the smoke proceeded. To do this, we were obliged to travel a mile or more, without the least path, and through a thick undergrowth of bushes, briers and wild vines; over rocks, ledges, hills and vales; but even here, we found many things full of interest. The wild rose grew luxuriantly on every side; we saw many of the beautiful, red field lilies, and the white azalia, [was it the clematis? the azalias have gone by.—Ed.] or something which very much resembles it, filled the air with its rich fragrance. On the side of a hill, near the pond, we came to a large rock or boulder, which equals in size a small house. We climbed to the top, and had a fine view of the lake and its surroundings. Even on the top of this barren rock a small tree once flourished, for we found a part of the trunk and some of the roots, the fibres of which were yet clinging to the scanty allowance of soil. The sides of the rock were nearly covered with many varieties of the beautiful mosses and lichens, a description of which has been so exquisitely given by Ruskin. This huge fragment of rock, weighing probably several thousand tons, was traversed in every direction by veins of rock of a different

composition from the main portion; and there was an occasional piece of rock of a lighter or darker color than the ground work, which looked as if it might have been thrown into the general mass when it was in a soft or melted state. As I examined the rock, it seemed like a key, which, if rightly used, would open to mankind a vast storehouse of invaluable knowledge; for, if its history could be perfectly known, the history of the earth's formation, and many of its mysteries, would be made plain and easy of comprehension. In the present state of our knowledge concerning these boulders, we can only arrive at conclusions respecting their origin and history, which at least seem reasonable, if not perfectly conclusive.

In another article I shall briefly allude to some of the present theories which are maintained by scientific men, with regard to the origin and transportation of these rocks to their present localities. S. L. White.

South Groton, August, 1861.

PREPARATION OF FOOD FOR SWINE.

It is the opinion of practical men, that in order to produce its greatest possible effect, the food given to swine should be slightly fermented. We will give their reasoning, though we frankly say that we have never been able to receive their theory to its full extent. As a corroboration of their opinion, they say that in Germany, and several other countries of Europe, draft horses are fed on bread which has been slightly acidified, and that this method of keeping them has been found more economical than feeding them on grain. It is a well known fact, they say, that wheat bread which has been brought very near to the condition of actual acidity—such as is commonly found on the tables of the German population, is much more healthy than unleavened bread, or that which is "raised" by the agency of alkalescent mixtures, such as saleratus, pearlash, &c. A slight fermentation, therefore, it appears reasonable to suppose, would prove advantageous to all substances of a farinaceous nature, and have a tendency not only to increase their actual alimentary powers, but to render them more salutary so far as health is concerned.

Where this plan of preparing food for swine is adopted, it will be necessary to provide a couple of tubs of suitable size, and to feed alternately from each. If both are filled at the same time, the first one fed out will be sweet, or in its natural state, but the second will, by the time the contents of the first one are expended, have undergone an incipient fermentation, and acquired all the additional qualities which are to be derived from the process. The exhausted tub must then be replenished, and the alternating course regularly pursued.

In very cold weather the economy of fermentation will necessarily be wholly arrested, and recourse must be had to artificial means in order to keep it up. Old pieces of stale bread, which ordinarily find their way into the swill tub, will, unless the temperature approximates the freezing point, generally put the whole mass into a state of vigorous fermentation in a few hours. It is not impossible that the addition of a small quantity of baker's or brewer's yeast—which is a cheap article—might be economically used for this purpose. It would not be necessary to add fresh yeast to every tub full of food, unless the tub were exhausted completely of its contents—a contingency which it will be found very easy to obviate, whether the feeding be conducted on a large or limited scale. The acidulation of the contents will fit them for "rising" all additions which may be made, so that a single pint of yeast to each tub, at commencing, is all that is strictly neccessary. Indian corn which has been steamed or boiled is very susceptible of the influences of yeast. In starch manufactories they make a liberal use of yeast, in order to facilitate the extraction of starch, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the stomachs of animals would have their labor somewhat lessened by the assistance of the same process.

The stages of fermentation are the saccharine, vinous, acetous, and putrefactive. The first is exhibited in the malting of barley for the brewery, which is rendered sweet by the process; the second is seen in the "working" of cider, beer, &c.; the third in the acidification of bread and the fermentation of vinegar; and the fourth in the decomposition of bodies generally.

In preparing food for swine, by fermentation, it is generally believed by these persons, that the process should be arrested at the third stage, as, should it pass the third, and enter the fourth, it would prove very prejudicial to the health of the animals, and might—should the feeding be continued for some weeks—be productive of harmful, if not fatal results. It is well known that the hog is remarkably fond of sour or sweet food; that he will like and fatten rapidly on cooked sour apples, or on mush made sweet with molasses. In the autumn the fermenting food may be fed with green matters, such as apples, pumpkins, potatoes, &c.; or these may be added to the fermenting mass, and be made to undergo the process conjointly with it.

Such is the common theory among practical men, and it is certainly entitled to consideration.

After all, however, the secret of making hogs profitable is to get good breeds, furnish them with places where they can be comfortable as regards temperature and moisture, and then feed them *regularly*, on as much nutritious food as *they will eat with a sharp appetite*. This food should be of various kinds—such as meal, roots of some kinds, a little meat, in the form of beef or pork

scraps, or what comes from the table, and from the *first of April to the first of October*, as much *short, tender grass or weeds as they will eat.* If they are starved in order to make them root over the manure heap, you must give them credit for that labor when they are slaughtered, as their carcasses, in the pork-barrel, will be of little credit to you or them!

No one thing that the farmer produces is of more substantial benefit in sustaining the family table, than his swine. All parts of the animal work in admirably in one form or another, and a considerable proportion may be kept in perfection through the entire year,—always at hand, sweet, rich, and wholesome, to season the pot of baked beans, the various vegetables gathered from the garden, or to aid in cooking other meats brought upon the table.

For the New England Farmer.

WHEAT HARVEST---WHEAT TADPOLE---MAPLE WORM.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been harvesting wheat to-day, up here amongst the Green Mountains, and thought I would tell you a little of my experience. I have assisted in harvesting wheat in several States, and find if I have dry, warm land to grow it on, and plenty of the right kind of manure, I am pretty sure of a crop. I think there are few places where a top dressing of lime or ashes, would not be beneficial.

The louse, or wheat tadpole, made its appearance here rather late in the season, when the wheat and other grains had become too ripe to be damaged much. I saw some of them in the shade of trees. He is a queer little fellow, appearing first in form of a slug, brown or green, grows into a louse, then changes to a fly to be eaten up by the great-winged tadpole hawk, or to lay its eggs and die. Should it appear earlier next year, it will destroy man's principal food, the small grains, unless he destroys it. I see them all over New England, and hear of them in some new place every day. They seemed to attack all kinds of small grains about the first of August that were green, and left as fast as it ripened. Where they appear before the grain fills, it never is filled; and if partly filled, remains so and dries up soon. I find lime sown on the grain when the heads are wet clears out the tadpole, as well as weevils and various other bugs.

There is one kind of bug of a pale red with black spots that seems to multiply very fast. I fear she is a rogue. I found her busying herself with the apples when first setting. She seems to deposit an egg in the blossom, and I think is the mother of the ugly worm that we find in the apple. She is as near a mud-turtle as a bug can be in form and action, when not on the wing. They have eaten the kernel of wheat and oats this season to a considerable extent in this vicinity, and I would like to hear from others about them.

I am anxious to know if any one has discovered the thing that eats up our sugar maple foliage, to build its nest. They are increasing very fast, and if they continue as they have done for years past, will destroy all the sugar maple trees before I am acquainted with them. I have devoted all the time I could spare when they were in the neighborhood and have not caught anything doing the mischief yet. I will send you a leaf which will show you how they feed on thousands of trees. I find a green worm—something like the worm on hop vines—on many trees, but never can see them eating or moving, only to drop off when disturbed.

I have heard of grasshoppers, but never have seen the real migratory sort till to-day. They are very thick here, and come in the night or early morning. They go to roost like turkeys, and gnaw the buildings and rails till sunrise. As near as I can estimate, there is one, an inch long, to every square inch of ground. Can any of your mathematicians tell me how long it will take them to destroy the second crop from fifteen acres, where we cut 1½ tons of hay per acre?

Have the bat flies that formerly annoyed our horses so much left us to make room for some other plague? I have not seen one in New England this season.

I know a remedy, sure and safe, for the destruction of worms and bots in horses, that any one can know by the asking through your valuable paper.

Wake up, young farmers, and let us have a little chat now that we have done haying. K.

Sunderland, Vt., Aug. 23, 1861.

REMARKS.—Some time ago, we were lying under the spreading branches of a splendid rock maple in Windham county, Vermont, having a pleasant agricultural chat with a friend. It was a calm, early autumnal day. The sun was bright, and the dense mass of leaves overhead scarcely showed a motion, so quiet were the elements. Presently it seemed to rain, though not a cloud could be seen. Still, the rain fell, in gentle patter, patter, on the leaves above and on our hats! We emerged from the tree and looked into the zenith, but there was no cloud there. This led to a closer examination, which disclosed the fact that this noble rock maple, standing alone on the hill, giving grace and beauty to everything about it, was covered with worms! And what seemed at first to be the pure rain coming down so gently from the skies, was the offal of a little green worm, whose habitation was among the green foliage of that graceful and majestic tree! We think it time that attention should be turned to this matter, before our beautiful and profitable sugar orchards are ruined.

NITROGEN.—The air is about four-fifths nitrogen. It is best obtained by burning a piece of phosphorus in a closed jar. The oxygen unites with the phosphorus, and leaves the nitrogen. A candle plunged in it, goes out at once. All plants contain it; and so do the working tissues of all animals, such as the muscles and nerves. Our food must contain it, else we could not make muscular and nervous tissue.

For the New England Farmer.

ACTION OF WATER ON PLANTS.

In the vegetable economy, water is so common a thing, that we are apt to give it less importance than it deserves; yet on reflection, we know it is indispensable to plants, as all their inorganic nutriment (the various salts of the soil) must be dissolved in it, and drawn up with it—plants being *nursing* organizations, not masticating. A drought of five or six weeks in the summer season, shows the bad effects of its absence—a shower its good effects. Rain water is more impregnated with air and gases than spring, and hence its remarkable effect upon vegetation. The poet Thompson aptly designates a shower as "falling verdure." The sap or common juice of plants consists chiefly of water, and its privation is less tolerable than that of more solid nutriment—the same as man can bear hunger longer than thirst.

All water comes originally from the ocean, from which it evaporates, leaving the salt behind. It rises to a colder region, condenses, coalesces, and falls in rain. So falling, it cleanses the leaves of plants, enters the pores of the foliage and tender bark, and dissolves the salts of the soil. The electric spark of the thunder storm frees, to an extent, the nitrogen from the atmosphere, and sends it down with the rain to invigorate vegetation. The value of a heavy shower upon crops long suffering for rain, might, perhaps, be safely estimated at five dollars the acre.

Water in the form of dew is another important means for the sustenance of plants. After sunset, the earth radiates its heat more rapidly than the atmosphere, and consequently the stratum of air immediately in contact with it undergoes a condensation of its vapor, and deposits it on the leaves and grass in the form of dew. The power of rapid radiation of heat which plants possess, and the consequent power of collecting the moisture of the atmosphere, is one of the most important provisions of nature for their preservation during the warm season.

Water has the power of absorbing its own bulk of carbonic acid gas, as also portions of the oxygen and nitrogen of the atmosphere; and these gases it takes with it into the plant, whether it discovers them in the soil or externally. In fact, water itself (or its two elements, oxygen and hydrogen) is thought to furnish important nutriment to plants, aside from its powers as a vehicle for other kinds. This is effected by the power of the plant to decompose it, and to incorporate into its organization either principle.

Artificial irrigation is often resorted to for gardens, and always, necessarily, for green-houses. For this purpose, rain water which has been standing some time, is excellent, and the more frequently it has been stirred up the better, thus giving more carbonic acid gas and atmosphere to the plant. The water of rivers, and that of stagnant ponds is good; particularly the latter, as the green scum frequently found upon its surface, affords food for the numerous swarms of the insect tribe—flies, worms, snails, &c. As this ephemeral population perishes, it gives an offensive effluvia to the water, but the richer it is in food for vegetation. Spring, or well water, is perhaps the least appropriate for irrigation; but if it is obliged to be used, it is well to expose it to the atmosphere to remedy the deficiency of its air and proper temperature.

For irrigation to be successful, the soil, of course, should be porous, otherwise the water runs to some hollow spot, or is evaporated. The soil in a well attended flower pot seems to be in the best condition for plants, for here the water readily sinks, and all not required passes out at the perforation at the bottom. Here, too, we see the harmony of the paradoxical idea that irrigation and underdraining assist each other.

Striking holes with a bar is a good method for facilitating the descent of water around trees and shrubbery, in the hot season, when the earth is dry and hard. And these plants, when well established, will bear at their roots, pretty strong sink water, barnyard drainage, or any other liquid manure. In fact, they generally get too little of it.

D. W. L.

W. Medford, Aug., 1861.

CHEAP FOOD---A NEW DISH.

A writer in one of the Eastern papers says that probably not one farmer in fifty knows what excellent, hearty, wholesome food he can have directly from the wheat field, stack or barn. He says: "The writer's family breakfasted this morning, July 20th, mainly on boiled wheat. Boiled wheat and wheat gravy. Boiled wheat and milk. Boiled wheat and maple sugar. Not wheat flour, nor wheaten groats, nor cracked wheat, but whole grains of wheat, shelled from the best heads, as the larger the better, and soaked in cold water two or three hours, and then boiled in the same water one or two hours, or until it is quite soft, and the water all absorbed. It should be cooked while other culinary operations are going on, as it needs to boil or simmer on a slow fire a good while, and care must be taken at the last that it does not burn. To prevent this it may be finished off in a sand bath, that is a pan of heated sand, or in a pan of water, or in a tin kettle set upon a thick earthen plate on a stove; or in a stove oven with all the heat over the top. How easy for our soldiers to have a change in the eternal bread and salt meat rations, if they may be allowed to glean a few wheat heads from the 'sacred soil' of the enemy, and boil the grains in their camp kettle. How convenient would this little item of knowledge in domestic cooking be to the wife of many a farmer, who would gladly get up an extra dish for the tired harvest hands. Try it. How many families are this day living on short allowance, right alongside of a wheat field, or with grain in stack or barn near the house, because they cannot get it ground, the mill being dried up, or broken down, or occupied by 'the army,' or suffering collapse, so that no grinding can be had."

EMPLOYMENT OF CAMELS IN CALIFORNIA.—Julius Bandman, who owns ten Bactrian camels, which Mr. Frisius imported from Siberia, is convinced, after months of experience and observation, that these camels are valuable for packing over mountains and plains. He trots them over the San Francisco sand-hills daily, to eat thistles and exercise their muscles under bags of sand, each camel being able to carry easily 650 pounds.

and Fort Yuma officers say they can make thirty miles a day under 1000 pounds. The big humped brutes are models of temperance, rising at four o'clock, retiring at sunset, drinking water only, and that but once in ten days, when two buckets will suffice each animal. They are very healthy, ugly, and tractable; and the *Alta*, from which paper we condense these facts, intimates that packers ought to experiment with them in the Sierra Nevada.

SHELTER FOR A FRUIT GARDEN.

A subscriber (J. P., of Oswego,) wishes to plant a fruit-garden, where it needs shelter on the north and west sides; and asks advice about the material for a hedge or screen, and the manner of planting it.

REPLY.—If your garden were not to be so large as you propose, we should say, use buckthorn for the hedge, allowing it to grow eight or ten feet high. This plant can be had cheap, it grows in almost any soil and exposure, and is not subject to the attacks of the borer. But, as you wish "shelter for standard pears and peaches one hundred and thirty feet off," probably you had better try something else. If large specimens of the American Arbor Vitæ—say five or six feet high—can be had from the woods near you, we should say, make a trial of them. They will transplant easily, and when established, will grow a foot every year. They can be sheared and kept within a small space as any hedge. The roots will not extend a long distance, to rob fruit trees of their needful food.

If the Arbor Vitæ cannot be easily obtained, then try the Norway Spruce. This may be a little more expensive at the outset, but it will surely succeed, and be every way satisfactory. Get plants about four feet high, set the stems at least six feet apart in the row, and they will soon spread laterally so as to fill up the spaces between, and they will rise high enough to break the winds from your most distant fruit trees. All this, however, goes on the supposition that you first prepare a wide, deep and rich border for them to grow in. After they have become well rooted and in vigorous growth, they should be pruned a little in midsummer. This tree is much used in Norway for hedges and screens, and when well managed, makes a lofty green wall, and a barrier stout enough to turn cattle. You could, undoubtedly, set fruit trees within ten or twelve feet of this hedge, without material injury from its roots.—*American Agriculturist.*

MIASM.

On the wings of the viewless winds in September, the sickliest month of the year, there is wafted an agency of disease and death, so ethereal in its nature, so intangible to mortal sense, so insinuating, so all-pervading, that no alembic can detect its presence, no prison-bar or palace-gate can prevent its entrance. It is called "MIASM;" it is an emanation from the surface of the earth wherever there is vegetation, moisture, and heat equal to eighty degrees, and is the fruitful cause of many diseases which ravage whole communities at a time, such as agues, fevers, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera, pestilence, and plague. But its laws are known, by the educated physician, and its destructive agencies can be averted by avoiding exposure and fatigue in the out-door air for the hours including sunrise and sunset, at which time a hot breakfast and supper should be eaten, by a good fire, in all prairie, flat, watercourse, and lake and sea-shore situations. If the common people could only be induced to take these simple, easy, practicable, and comprehensible precautions, these diseases would be prevented as epidemics, or arrested in their progress, as certainly as that care can prevent the firing of a town, and that water will put it out. These are the teachings of science, and experiment has demonstrated their truth beyond a cavil. Yet who will take these precautions?—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HOW BANK NOTES ARE MADE.

The New York *Evening Post* informs us that the American Bank Note company, located in that city, is the most extensive establishment of the kind in the world. It employs some of the best artists in the country in sketching designs. In some cases the artists send original sketches, but generally embody the ideas suggested to them. Darley's designs are frequent in our bank note circulation, and are at once recognized by those who are familiar with his style. The vignettes are combined with portraits of individuals, and the letters and lathe work which make up a bank note. The drawings are sent from the design-room to the pictorial engraving department. The best artists are employed in this department, and there are fifteen men, each at his own desk, who work eight hours per day, and earn from $2,000 to $4,000 per year. Some of them work exclusively upon "heads;" others upon human figures. In some cases a vignette which comprises landscape, sky, architecture and figures will pass through as many different hands, and the separate parts of the work, finished by artists who have made that style a speciality, make the whole as perfect as possible; indeed, a first-class vignette, unless a portrait, is hardly ever by one hand, and a portion of it is "bit in" with acids, and afterwards finished with a graver. The portrait-engravers become so skillful, that they produce a perfect likeness from a photograph, painting, or engraving, and whatever work is in hand is given to the artist who is best qualified to make a finished picture of the kind required. All of the vignettes, and much of the larger letter work, are engraved on separate pieces of steel, from which proofs only are printed. These pieces are taken to the hardening-room, where two men who are experienced in handling steel, harden them, by heating and plunging them into water or oil.

The hardened plates are placed under presses of enormous power, and are "taken up" upon decarbonized dies of a cylindrical form, which are afterward hardened, and are used to transfer the impression to the plate from which the notes are printed. Thus the work is doubly transferred before it is printed. The shading of the letters is done by machinery, and in this way also is executed that curious, complicated and beautiful ground work for the figures, and from which the tints on the face and back of a note are printed. Such is the accuracy and uniformity of the geo-

metrical lathe work and cycloidal ruling, that it is impossible to imitate them by hand. The production of these lace-like figures is the result of a mathematical problem worked out beforehand; so many turns of certain wheels will produce a certain figure, which can be multiplied by the transferring process indefinitely. The machines are very complicated and expensive, (though to one unacquainted with them, they seem cheap and simple,) and require great skill and experience in their management and operation. We were shown in this department a geometrical lathe, not twice as large as an ordinary sewing-machine, and less than half as noisy, which was three years in building, and cost about $10,000. These machines are never patented, as the secret of their construction is worth more than a patent, and improvements and alterations are made from time to time, while their great cost prohibits their coming into general or improper use.

CORKS FOR CLOSING PRESERVE JARS.

For the preservation of all kinds of fruit, use glass bottles or jars. They are cleaner, more durable, more costly at first, but cheaper in the end, than tin, and transparent. Select those of even thickness, or rather of even *thinness*, for they are often exposed to considerable heat, and while they should not be so thin as to break in common handling, or burst from internal pressure caused by fermentation, still they should not be thick, or of pressed glass, when blown glass jars can be readily obtained. So much for the bottles. Now as to closing them air-tight. First, corks will not do it. The very structure of the substance is against it, unless cork of the most velvety character is obtained, and this is costly. We have in previous volumes recommended waxed cloth tied over the jar as a substitute at once cheap and effective, and have never found anything superior to it. Prepare the cloth in this way:—Melt together some rosin, beeswax, and tallow in equal parts; tear the cloth in strips four inches wide, or at least wide enough conveniently to tie over the mouth of the jar, and dip these strips, drawing them through the hot wax and stripping nearly all the wax off. With cloth thus prepared, after the jar is filled with the hot preserves, and while still hot, close the mouth and bind it on with good linen cord. Then with shears trim off as much of the wax cloth as is desirable, and then dip it in some melted wax, which should be made with only about half as much tallow. Sealing-wax may be used if desired. The jars should be put where the wax will cool at once, so that the exhaustion caused by the cooling of the preserves and the condensation of the steam, may not cause the wax to run through the cloth. Nothing can be more thoroughly air-tight than bottles or jars so prepared.—*Homestead.*

THE IOWA CROPS.—The wheat crop of Iowa is abundant this season, though scarcely so heavy as last year. It is estimated that the people of Iowa will have a surplus of twenty millions of bushels this season. A gentleman who has traveled some 400 miles through Southern Iowa, describes the crop of wheat as very good, and corn as never having looked better.

For the New England Farmer.

LETTER FROM THE HOMESTEAD.

Chester, N. H., Aug. 20, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN:—As you seem by your note at the end of my last letter to appreciate the importance of my employment in repairing the Homestead, I may as well write of the question, which comes up for discussion, on every occasion of building or repairing, in the country,

WHAT COLOR SHALL THE HOUSE BE?

White for the house, and black for the coffin, were the fashionable New England colors, I think, almost universally, half a century ago. This fashion of white for dwellings for the living, in the rural districts, continued until about twenty years ago, when Downing published his "Cottage Residences." Then it suddenly occurred to aspiring rural gentlemen, that white was vulgar, and the idea being that the farther we went from white the more genteel, we soon beheld the light of heaven profaned with all sorts of dismal, dark brown, sombre-hued houses, and as there is a sort of natural instinct that the living and dead should have some distinction made in their dwelling-places, the old mourning hue of coffins was, at about the same time, changed to red or mahogany.

Now, as we travel in New England, we see perhaps half or more of the houses, still white, and the rest of various hues, most of them being painted in some color, the basis of which is white lead. As the expense is but very little increased by the addition of any desired color to the lead, it becomes a mere matter of taste what color we shall adopt, and is therefore a question worth considering. There are, it is true, some cheap dark colors, suitable for outbuildings, such as we see upon rough railway stations, and which it may be often best to use for economy. I have recently seen a statement that common hydraulic cement with skim milk forms a good paint for rough work. It is very cheap, and might take the place of whitewash, where the glare of white is to be avoided.

As to *white*, I confess to the opinion, that in the country proper, a house, and especially a cottage, well embowered in trees and vines, purely white, with the old-fashioned dark green blinds, strikes my eye very pleasantly. These same blinds, which are called Venetian, and have been flouted at by architects, as having no fitness for the *outside* of windows, still retain their place, almost universally in New England, and the reason is very creditable to us; it is because, in our hot summer days, there is nothing else so comfortable. Blinds inside the glass, receiving the rays of the sun in full force, are heated and transmit their heat, to the room, while outside blinds,

although heated to the same degree, transmit no heat through the glass. And as to the color of blinds, nothing so agreeably softens the light, as the old-fashioned dark green. Therefore, I think any person who prefers to have his country house white, with green blinds, may defend his taste in so doing.

If, however, you have a neighbor close by, whose house is not shaded with trees, and who will have it glaring white, you have reason to complain. He might almost as well cover his house with looking-glasses, and continually flash the sun into your eyes. A bare white house with the sun full upon it, at about two o'clock, P. M., in July, and sand or gravel all around, is nearly as bad to approach as a rebel masked battery. No man has a moral right to have his house or fences white, unless he shades them with foliage, and relieves them with green sward. Artists usually avoid the introduction of white into their landscape pictures, because it does not harmonize with other colors. Downing says that Price, in his essays on the Beautiful and Picturesque, expresses the idea that very white teeth gave a silly expression to the countenance, and Horace Walpole called somebody—"the gentleman with the foolish teeth." Most of us, however, would regard any person as "foolish," who prefers teeth of any color than white.

In England, there are no white buildings, for the very good reason that the climate will not allow them to stay white, if so painted. There, everything takes a sober gray tint, whether you will or no.

Though we tolerate white, yet we do not commend or use it. But what shall the color be? The old mansion was to be painted anew. For sixty years it had been white or a light straw color. There are serious objections to very dark colors. They absorb heat, making the house warmer in summer, and causing the wood to shrink and expand with the alternations of weather. This is a practical, not merely a theoretical matter, as this very house will testify. The back side of the house, which is the south side, was originally painted dark red with Spanish brown, for economy, as was the almost universal fashion fifty years ago, when white lead was more costly. It has been kept of the same color ever since, repainted as often as the rest of the house. The effect of the heat and cold has been such, that many of the nails were entirely drawn out, and most of them were started, and many clapboards cracked, so that the painter and I, upon solemn consideration, concluded that they did not deserve a coat of paint, and condemned them to remain, after carefully re-nailing, until the house needs another painting, then to be renewed, and painted with the rest.

A witness is bound to tell the whole truth, and I have doubts whether the difference in color tells the whole story. It is just twenty years since the house was painted, and then it received two heavy coats. It looked rusty, but by no means bare, except on the window sills and some exposed spots, not worse than the meeting-house which has been painted two or three times since, and stands right out-of-doors, without shade or shelter. Three sides of the house are so covered with trees, that in summer time, only a glimpse of a chimney or a window, occasionally, is caught by the traveller, till he reaches nearly to the door. The trees are elms, rock-maples and horse-chestnuts, and they are thick enough to break the blasts, even in winter, and to entirely shade in summer. I think the paint has worn twice as long on account of this protection, and not one of the nails, which, by the way, are of wrought-iron, had started. The back of the house is unsheltered by trees, and takes the unmitigated heat and cold. Trees should not touch the house, nor lie over the roof, because they render it damp and unhealthy, and promote decay, if too thick and near; but with their stems, say at twenty or thirty feet distance, they are a blessing and a comfort every way. When the Swamscut House and other buildings were burnt at Exeter, the fine old church, which stands opposite, was only saved from destruction by the row of young elms which stood in front of it, which held up their green, leafy screens between it and the flames, and suffered martyrdom in its cause. There was much talk of it, at the time, and for once, "the poor wise man who saved the city," by planting trees, was held in honor.

Sir Joshua Reynolds advised to paint the house the color of the fresh soil on which it stands! and on the whole, though there is no rule for taste, it is perfectly safe to say, that soft, quiet shades, such as gray, drab, fawn, light brown are always pleasing, while *violent* colors, such as yellow, red and green are not so, in house coloring.

As to contrasts, ladies and artists profess to know what colors match. Nature contrasts by laws not much esteemed by milliners. Her green leaves and blue sky, her many-colored flowers set in green sward, or in leafy festoons, and again, her dark eyes and hair, with a white skin and teeth of ivory, defy all precise rules of combination. It was an old fashion to paint farm-houses red, and sometimes yellow, with white trimmings. Of late, and perhaps by Mr. Downing's teachings, it is thought in better taste to paint the trimmings of a darker shade than the body of the building.

After proper deliberation, we have adopted this idea upon the family mansion, giving the house a sort of gray stone color, the trimmings and fence a decidedly darker shade of the same, and

the sashes and doors, what the painters call bronze-green. Two coats, at intervals of a few days, have thoroughly done the work, making an improvement delightful to the eyes of us all who feel an interest in the homestead. The best and most economical way to preserve a house, is to paint it, say, over once in three or four years, but this is not always convenient, and most of us are obliged to do as we can, and not as we would, and to atone for past neglect by additional present expenditure.

While upon the subject of painting, I will add a suggestion to those who contemplate building good houses, and that is, to finish their best rooms, if not the whole house, with wood in its natural color unpainted, but merely oiled. We pay from four to five cents per foot for the best pine for inside finish, and the charge for three coats of paint is about two cents per foot, making six or seven cents per foot for the wood and painting. Now, black walnut is sold at six or seven cents per foot, and it is an easy wood to work, and once finished, it would require no expense to preserve it handsome forever. Chestnut is now used in Boston, for banks and offices, as well as for furniture, and makes a beautiful finish. Bass and white wood, and even white pine, with a coat of varnish, are all handsome, soft woods. The common oil-nut is a soft, but handsome wood, and the maples and birches are beautiful, though hard to work. When it is considered that it costs from fifteen to eighteen cents per square yard for all the painted work well done inside a house, it is worth considering whether good taste and economy may not both be promoted by using woods in their natural colors, and dispensing with much of our inside paint. Asking pardon of the reader for so much "easy writing," which Charles Lamb says "is usually very hard reading,"

I remain your friend,

HENRY F. FRENCH.

MANNERS AND LIVING IN 1760.

The undress of both sexes was often coarse and slovenly beyond any example, even among the lower orders in modern days. Gentlemen used to walk about all the morning in greasy night-caps and dirty night-gowns (dressing-gowns) or threadbare coats. The elder ladies wore large linen caps called toys, encroaching on the face, and tied under the chin, with worsted short gowns and aprons. The word toy is probably derived from the French *toque*, the hood worn by women of mean condition in France. The clergy in my early life were not less slovenly than their neighbors. Many of them wore colored clothes of very coarse materials. Blue was the common color for full dress among persons of my own profession in Scotland at that time. Butcher's meat was rarely eaten by laborers and servants, except in the houses of stock farmers, who found their account in consuming at home that part of their stock which was unfit for sale. There was no regular butcher market except in towns and the larger villages, and the articles brought to market consisted chiefly of mutton, lamb and veal. Even in principal towns beef was seldom to be had in the market, except, perhaps, on the occasion of fairs, or the country meetings, which brought together a number of country gentlemen, and usually ended in conviviality.—*Somerville's Life and Times*, (1741–1814.)

FAREWELL, SUMMER.

Sounds are in the earth and ether,
Sobs and murmurs half-divine;
Blasts beyond man's puny power
Rock the branches of the pine.
The summer past, what dreams are over!
The incense of the air hath fled:
The carpets of the golden meadows
Are torn by tempests, shred by shred:
The rose hath lost her fragrance;
The lily hangs her head,—
Dead,—dead!

BARRY CORNWALL.

WORK AND PLAY.

Recreation can be fully enjoyed only by a man who has some honest occupation. The end of the work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. Play-time must come after school-time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. It comes out by contrast. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how bright it is! Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have dark around to make its presence felt.

And besides this, the greater part of the enjoyment of recreation consists in the feeling that we have earned it by previous hard work. One goes out for the afternoon walk with a light heart, when one has done a good task since breakfast. It is one thing for a dawdling idler to set off to the continent, or to the Highland, just because he was sick of every thing around him; and quite another when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some work to an end, on that self-same tour.

And then a busy man finds a relish in simple recreations; while a man who has nothing to do finds all things wearisome, and thinks that life is "used up;" it takes something quite out of the way to tickle that indurated palate; you might as well prick the hide of a hippopotamus with a needle, as to excite the interest of that *blase* being by any amusement which is not spiced with the cayenne of vice. And that certainly has a powerful effect. It was a glass of water the wicked old French woman was drinking, when she said, "O! that this were a sin, to give it a relish!"—*Recreations of a Country Parson.*

TO MAKE HENS LAY.—I send you a good recipe for making hens lay:—Take some oats and boil them until soft; then fry them in hot fat, and you will have any quantity of eggs.—*Prairie Farmer.*

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

TO PICKLE OR PRESERVE RIPE CUCUMBERS.

Some two years ago a gentleman gave me a recipe obtained in Pennsylvania, for pickling or preserving ripe or yellow seed cucumbers. It has occurred to me that in this season of great scarcity of the fruits usually used in making preserves, it might be a public benefit if you would publish it in your valuable paper. I send it as it was given to me. I think a better preserve can be made by using a pint or pound of vinegar to four pounds of sugar and eight of fruit. The specimen is slightly flavored with nutmeg, and will be much better when the sugar and spice shall have thoroughly permeated the fruit.

Without pretending to "extract sunbeams from cucumbers," I think you will agree with me that a very desirable, not to say delicious article, may be obtained from a substance usually considered worthless. WILLIAM F. WHEELER.

Lincoln, Sept. 16, 1861.

REMARKS.—Mr. WHEELER was kind enough to bring us a jar of the preserves which he had prepared, and it is both beautiful and delicious. No one would suspect its being cucumber. It is a most delicious "sweet pickle," and to those who need acid will prove a valuable acquisition to the condiments of the table. The recipe he handed us is as follows:

Take cucumbers thoroughly ripe, pare them and scrape out the seeds. Cut them in slices to suit convenience and soak them in vinegar, from 12 to 24 hours. Boil them in fresh vinegar, sweetened and spiced to suit the taste, until they become tender. They may be made as preserves by making the vinegar sweet and rich enough to be eaten as juice, which will require about four pounds of sugar to ten of fruit. The vinegar should be of the best kind.

FAILURES AS WELL AS SUCCESSES.

Some one has lately raised the query, whether, in speaking of crops, it is not duty to tell of failures as well as successes in cultivation. I say not. Every lazy fellow can find enough of this knowledge, within the limits of his own experience. To speak of successful culture and how it is brought about is the kind of teaching that is most commendable. Instance the Indian of two hundred years ago, who, living mainly on the fish taken from the stream, knew that by inserting a kernel of corn in the earth, a plant would spring up, from which, perhaps in nine cases out of ten, an ear might be expected. But he had not learned to prepare the earth, so that ten stalks might grow where but one grew before; and that each of these stalks might yield two or more ears, full and complete, instead of one, pinched and shrivelled. Such carpings on useful communications show a narrow mind and perhaps a disappointed ambition. Let us have the story of all full crops, and how they are made so; and let those who have hitherto neglected to learn, profit by the instruction. P.

August 30, 1861.

REMEDY FOR BLIND STAGGERS.—A writer in the Charleston *Courier* gives an effectual remedy for that formidable disease in horses, the blind staggers, the recipe being as follows: Gum camphor one ounce; whisky or brandy, one pint—dissolve. Dose—One gill, in a half pint of gum arabic, flax seed, or other mucilaginous tea, given every three or four hours; seldom necessary to give more than three doses. The horse must be kept from water twenty-four hours. Never bleed in this disease.

ACTION OF SALT AND SALTPETRE ON MEAT.

The following interesting account of the action of salt and saltpetre on meat will doubtless be new to many of our readers:

The manner in which *salt* operates in its preservative functions is obvious. Salt, by its strong affinity, in the first place, extracts the juices from the substance of meat in sufficient quantity to form a saturated solution with the water contained in the juice, and the meat then absorbs the saturated brine in the place of the juice extracted by the salt in the first place. Thus, matter incapable of putrefaction takes the place of that portion of the meat which is most perishable. Such, however, is not the only office of salt as a means of preserving meat: it also acts by its astringency in contracting the fibres of the muscles, and so excludes the action of air on the interior of the substance of the meat. The last-mentioned operation of salt as an antiseptic is evinced by the diminution of the volume of meat to which it is applied.

The astringent action of *saltpetre* on meat is much greater than that of salt, and thereby renders the meat to which it is applied very hard; but in small quantities it considerably assists the antiseptic action of salt, and it also prevents the destruction of the florid (or red) color of the meat by the application of salt. From the foregoing statement of the mode of operation of salt and saltpetre on meat, it will be perceived that the application of these matters deteriorates, in a considerable degree, the nutritive, and, to some extent, the wholesome qualities of meat; and, therefore, in their use, the quantity applied should be as small as possibly consistent with the perfect preservation of the meat.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

TO RIPEN LATE TOMATOES.—The tomato season ends with the first part of autumn. If the plants are pulled up before the frost comes, and hung up in a well ventilated cellar, with the tomatoes on them, the fruit will continue ripening until Christmas. The cellar should not be too dry, nor too warm.—*Genesee Farmer.*

In Britain we hang them up under the roof of a vinery or peach-house, from which the fruit has been gathered. In this way they ripen, although quite green when removed from the ground. So excellent a fruit, however, deserves to be grown throughout the winter, which is easily done by growing them in twelve-inch pots, and setting them in a melon or cucumber pit, after the melon crop is finished. In a mean temperature of 65° they will continue to grow and ripen their fruit until the season returns for commencing melon culture again.—*Scottish Farmer and Horticulturist.*

For the New England Farmer.

THE BIRDS OF NEW ENGLAND—No. 15.

WARBLERS.

Myrtle Bird, or Yellow-Crowned Warbler—Yellow Red-Poll Warbler—Black and Yellow Warbler—Summer Yellow Bird, or Yellow Warbler—Blackburnian Warbler.

The genus *Sylvicola*, of Swainson, (nearly synonymous with the genus *Dendroica*, of Gray, adopted in later systems,) embraces a considerable group of the Warblers that inhabit our forests, and at times frequent our gardens and orchards, some twenty species being found in New England—beautiful little creatures, of which some, possessing considerable powers of song, and subsisting upon insects, are of great benefit to the interests of man, and are wholly devoid of harmful proclivities.

The YELLOW CROWNED WARBLER, or MYRTLE BIRD, (*Sylvicola coronata*, of Swainson, Audubon, DeKay, and others; *Dendroica coronata*, of G. R. Gray,) is doubtless the most numerous, as well as one of the handsomest, of all the Warblers that visit us. During the last days of April they generally begin to arrive in New England from the Southern States, they spending the winter among the cedar and myrtle swamps of the Carolinas and adjoining States, and for about ten days frequent alike every thicket, orchard and garden, in considerable numbers, searching the opening buds and tender expanding leaves for the destructive insects and their larvæ that at this time prey upon the tender foliage, and are thus of great services in checking the ravages of these destructive pests of vegetation. Some seasons they appear for several days to exceed in numbers any, if not all others, of our small birds; yet each individual or party stops with us but a very short time, and in constant restlessness while here, hurries northward, and others continually arrive to briefly fill their places; and in a few days all have left for more northern countries, where they spend the summers, and rear their young. About the beginning of October they again appear in great numbers, spend but a week or ten days with us, and proceed slowly southward to spend the winter. At this time the beautiful colors that adorn them in the spring are obscured, and they might easily be taken for a different species. This species has been frequently described as the *Yellow-Rumped Warbler*; and from its subsisting chiefly in winter on the berries of the myrtle, (*Myrica cerifera*,) has acquired the name of *Myrtle Bird*. Its habitat extends over the whole of eastern North America, as far westward as Missouri.

This species is five inches and a half in length, and eight inches in alar extent. Whole upper parts, (in the spring,) fine slate-blue, streaked with black, except the crown and rump, which, with the sides of the breast, are rich yellow; under parts, white; breast and sides black, edged with white; spots of white on the three exterior tail feathers, and two bands of the same on the wings. The female has the colors less vivid than the male. In the autumn the sexes are similar, of a plain brown or "mouse color," faintly streaked with black; the yellow on the rump is still conspicuous, but on the crown and sides of the breast only perceivable on a close examination.

The YELLOW RED-POLL WARBLER, (*Sylvicola petechia*, of Swainson, Audubon and others; *Dendroica palmarum*, of Prof. Baird,) arrives from the south about the middle or 20th of April, and, though not a numerous species, is not unfrequently met with for two or three weeks, when it retires to swamps and secluded situations to breed, spending the summer with us. On its first arrival in spring, it frequents the orchards and gardens, (as well as the borders of thickets and fences,) in company with the Pine Warbler, (*Sylvicola pinus*,) its allied congener, and often alights on the ground to search for its food, which mainly consists of larvæ and winged insects. As soon as the season has advanced it is very rarely seen, and about the last of September leaves us for the South, as it spends the winter in the southern parts of the Union; in summer it inhabits the whole United States east of the Mississippi river. Its few notes are hardly deserving the name of song.

Length five inches; extent seven and a half; line over the eye, and lower parts, fine, bright yellow, the breast striped with dull red; crown, reddish-chestnut; brownish-gray-olive above, streaked with dusky, and inclining to greenish-olive on the rump; tail with white spots on the outer feathers.

The BLACK AND YELLOW WARBLER, (*Sylvicola maculosa*, Swain.; *Dendroica maculosa*, Baird,) or *Spotted Warbler*, of some authors, is generally considered a scarce species, (Wilson speaks of meeting with but two individuals,) but for several years I have observed them quite frequently in our woods in May, particularly the present year, when, for a few days about the 23d, a dozen might be obtained in a few hours; and in September again I have often met with them. They inhabit the whole United States east of the Missouri river, according to Prof. Baird, and south to Guatemala; and they doubtless breed in the northern parts of New England, as an ornithological friend informs me he has observed them in the vicinity of the White Mountains early in July. They are generally shy, and are rarely seen outside of the thicket or forest, feeding much upon insects that infest the common birch at this season, when the leaves are tender and but half expanded. Its notes are peculiar and pleasing, but hardly deserving the name of song.

This elegant species measures five inches in length; stretch of wings, seven and a half; upper part of the head light grayish-blue; front, lores, cheeks, and a line beneath the eyes, black; a large black patch on the back, bordered with greenish; lower parts yellow, fading into white on the abdomen, and streaked with black on the breast and sides; broad, white bands on the wings; tail, like the wings, black, with a large spot of white near the middle of each feather, except the two middle ones. The female corresponds with the male in the markings of the plumage, but the tints are much paler. Both sexes are quite differently marked in the fall.

The YELLOW WARBLER (*Sylvicola æstiva*, Swain.; *Dendroica æstiva*, Baird,) often called the *Summer Yellow Bird*, to contradistinguish it from the common Yellow Bird (*Carduelis tristis*,) a resident species, is a very common summer species in many localities, in the eastern part of the United States, and its habitat is said to extend over the whole United States, from the Atlantic

to the Pacific, and south to Guatemala and the West Indies. It arrives in New England early in May, frequenting the shrubbery of the garden and the trees of the orchard while in blossom, feeding on the noxious insects that infest them, and, spending the summer with us, generally rears two broods of young in a season. Its nest is neatly constructed in the fork of a bush, of tough fibrous grasses and flax-like substances, softly lined with hair and down from ferns; the eggs are four or five in number, white, sprinkled with small pale brown spots and specks. Willows and poplars that frequently skirt river banks and the shrubbery of alluvial meadows, seem to be a favorite resort of this species. I have observed many in such situations, when, at the same time, in a different kind of country immediately contiguous, for miles around none were to be met with. The Yellow Warbler is quite unsuspicious, and very sprightly in its natural pursuits; its song, though short, is uttered with spirit, and quite agreeable.

The length of this bird is five inches; extent seven. Head and whole lower parts bright yellow, with narrow streaks of red on the breast and sides; rest of the upper parts greenish yellow. The colors of the female are somewhat paler than those of the male. There is a slight difference in the intensity of the colors observable in individuals of the same sex; "and specimens from the Pacific coast," Professor Baird observes, "appear rather smaller, with less conspicuous streaks than eastern specimens;" and there seems to be a variety with minute reddish streaks on the head. The Children's Warbler (*Sylvia Childreni*) of Audubon, of which he saw but a single pair, is considered an immature bird of this species; and the Rathborn Warbler (*Sylvicola Rathbonia*) of the same ornithologist, of which he speaks of meeting but a single pair, is also referred to this species by Baird.

The BLACKBURNIAN WARBLER (*Sylvicola Blackburniæ*, Jardine, Audubon, DeKay; *Dendroica Blackburniæ*, Baird,) is one of our rarest species, and is justly considered the most beautiful of those delicately colored birds embraced in the group of American Warblers. It is sparingly diffused over the eastern parts of North America, at least, as far north as Canada, wintering in the tropical portions of the continent. It arrives in New England about the middle of May, and is generally observed in thickets or woodlands, seldom appearing in cultivated grounds. DeKay mentions that it spends the summer in the State of New York, as it doubtless does in various parts of New England, though I have never yet met with it later than the early part of June. Its numbers are so few it might easily escape detection in the summer, and even at the migratory seasons it is rarely met with. It subsists chiefly upon wingless insects, and its habits, so far as known, are similar to those of the preceding species.

The length of this warbler is five inches, extent eight and a half inches—according to Wilson, four and a half inches in length, and seven in extent. Upper parts deep black, with a large patch of white on the middle of each wing; crown, sides of the head and neck, throat and breast, bright orange red, or fiery orange; rest of the lower plumage white, with streaks of black on the sides, and a yellowish orange tint on the belly and breast. The female is similarly marked, but has the colors fainter.

Professor Baird refers the *Hemlock Warbler* (*Sylvicola panus*,) first described by Wilson, and subsequently by Audubon, Nuttall, and others, to this species, considering it as the Blackburnian Warbler in its autumnal dress; for which there seems hardly sufficient reason;—but further attention will be given to this point in a future number. J. A. A.

Springfield, July 29, 1861.

For the New England Farmer.

RETROSPECTIVE NOTES.

SUGGESTED BY SEPTEMBER—MUCK AND COMPOSTS WITH MUCK.—The former of these headings is that of the leading article of the *Farmer* (monthly) for September. We have so often experienced advantage from articles in the form of "Calendars of Operations," "Farm Calendars," "Suggestions for the Season," and such like, and have so often found others of our farming brethren who make a practice of resorting to a Calendar of some kind, as a prompter or remembrancer, when laying their plans for the coming month or season, as to be convinced that these helps to the memory under the designation of Calendars, Suggestions for the Season, &c., must be useful articles to all who plan their work beforehand, and aim to have everything attended to in its proper season. Some of the less systematic of our brethren may undervalue these useful remembrancers of seasonable work; but within our individual circle of observation, we have ascertained by inquiry that they have been generally consulted by those who plan their work ahead, and who are at once the most systematic and the most successful among our acquaintances. It is our opinion, therefore, that the Editor of the *Farmer* would do a service to his readers, which would be both valuable and likely to be duly appreciated by the more intelligent and systematic of them, if he would give to a Calendar for each month, or Seasonable Suggestions, a more constant, more extended, and more prominent place than he has lately been in the habit of doing. Though there must be a great sameness in such articles from year to year, their convenience and utility will fully counterbalance this objection.

Among the more important of the items "suggested by September," is that in which the present season of the year is recommended as a good time for digging and drawing out muck. We have found September, and not unfrequently, also, the following month, October, the most convenient season of the year, all things considered, for these operations. The marshes and other deposits of muck are usually dry, or comparatively so, and there is, too, during these months, a degree of comparative leisure, which, combined, render these two months, when the weather is not wet or otherwise exceptional, the most appropriate portion of the year. This remembrancer may, therefore, serve to save some from neglecting this highly important operation until it might be too late. That it is an important piece of work, which should not be neglected by any one who has a deposit of muck upon his farm, no one can doubt who has read the many testimonies in regard to

the value of muck and muck composts which have been given to the public during the last few years, or who has read no more in relation to it than the series of articles which were published in the *Farmer* during the year 1860. Those who own the volume of this journal for that year, and who have it stitched or bound so as to be convenient for consultation or reference, will readily find the articles referred to by consulting the Index.

THE BAROMETER—*page* 305.—This article, on the whole, bears testimony in favor of this instrument as an aid to the farmer in "guessing" or prognosticating what the state of the weather is likely to be for a day or two ahead—a kind of "guessing" which is of no little service to all farmers during haying and harvesting, whether they be born guessers like the Yankees, or only bunglers at this important business, for which New Englanders are proverbially celebrated for having a peculiar faculty. But though, on the whole, the testimony of Dr. True in this article is in favor of the value of the Barometer as an indicator of the weather for some time ahead, yet there is one remark made in it which we feel disposed to challenge and correct, as some farmers might be hindered thereby from availing themselves of the aid of this truly valuable instrument. The remark to which we refer is the following: "The barometer has been much lauded of late as a sure indicator of the state of the weather; but the farmer who places implicit reliance on its indications will surely be disappointed." To this last clause of the sentence quoted, we feel prompted to object most emphatically, both because it conveys an erroneous impression, and because that impression can operate only to the injury of those who may be dissuaded by it from availing themselves of an instrument which every intelligent farmer, properly instructed in the interpretation of its indications, will certainly find of great advantage to him. Instead of saying, as Dr. T. has done, that the farmer who places implicit reliance on its indications will surely be disappointed, those best qualified to testify in regard to the barometer would unite in saying, that those who have been instructed thoroughly in the interpretations of its indications may rely upon them with the most unhesitating implicitness, and will never be disappointed. We are perfectly aware that there are two conditions absolutely essential to securing this ability to interpret the indications of the barometer aright, and to a consequent immunity from all disappointment in relying thereon. The first of these conditions is the possession of a set of correct rules and observations for the interpretation of the ever-varying indications of this instrument; and the second is, the possession of a good degree of sound judgment, native gumption, common or uncommon sense, or whatever else may be the most appropriate name for that quality, for the want or deficiency of which men are continually blundering in all matters, and would blunder certainly in using a barometer, even if the best set of rules for using it rightly were at their command.

But the possession of a pretty full and a perfectly correct set of rules and observations for the right use of a barometer is so absolutely necessary to a proper understanding of the indications of this instrument, that we would advise all manufacturers of it to employ a well qualified person to select from the various rules and directions which have been printed in Encyclopedias and scientific treatises, those which would be specially adapted to the use of farmers using this instrument, and have those rules and directions printed on a firm card, or in any other lasting form, to be given to all purchasers. And we would advise all intending purchasers to refuse to purchase until such a set of rules is provided as an aid to the right use of their purchase. We would also say that good barometers have been sold for less than $10.

MORE ANON.

THE LIGHT OF THE HEARTH.

She comes with fairy footsteps;
Softly the echoes fall;
And her shadow plays like a summer shade
Across the garden wall.
The golden light is dancing bright,
'Mid the mazes of her hair,
And her fair young locks are waving free
To the wooing of the air.

Like a sportive fawn she boundeth
So gleefully along,
As the wild young bird she carolleth
The burden of her song.
The summer flowers are clustering thick
Around her dancing feet,
And on her cheek the summer breeze
Is breathing soft and sweet.

The very sunbeams seem to linger
Above her holy head,
And the wild flowers at her coming
Their richest fragrance shed.
And O, how lovely light and fragrance
Mingle in the light within!
O, how fondly do they nestle
Round the soul that knows no sin.

She comes, the spirit of our childhood—
A thing of mortal birth,
Yet breathing still a breath of Heaven,
To redeem her from the earth.
She comes in bright-robed innocence,
Unsoiled by blot or blight,
And passeth by our wayward path,
A gleam of angel light.

O, blessed things are children!
The gift of heavenly love!
They stand betwixt our worldly hearts
And better things above.
They link us with the spirit world
By purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young,
With the presence of their youth.

GREAT TRUTH IN A SMALL PARAGRAPH.—One secret of the practical failure in after life of so many promising young persons is, I apprehend, that they did not learn that a man's capacity and success in the world is estimated, not by what he can do, but by what he does do. The opposite heresy is, I am sorry to believe, early imbibed in most of our seminaries of learning. How the youth of genius, real or supposed, is worshipped by his associates, and too often by society also, while the more diligent plodder is left in neglect to "work out his own salvation," as he almost infallibly does!

GARGET.—A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* says: "I had a few days since a new milch cow, whose bag was very badly caked, so much so that cold water, soapsuds, spirits of camphor, &c., had no effect upon it. I asked our family physician for a prescription, who gave me this: one part aqua ammonia; two parts sweet oil, rubbed in twice daily. In two days she was cured."

A NEW VENTILATOR.

Mr. Lyman sends us the above cut and the accompanying description of a new ventilator, which has the advantage of *not* being a patented "notion," and of being of easy application to any style of room. As we have never seen one in operation, we allow Mr. Lyman to speak for himself.

The ventilator consists of a pipe which is open at the top, and connected with the chimney flue at the bottom of the room, as seen in the cut. In rooms warmed by stoves the supply of air comes in at the windows and doors, and being colder than the air in the room, falls to the floor, as is represented by the cut, by the arrows without feathered ends; as this cold air comes in contact with the stove, furniture and persons in the rooms, it becomes rarified, and rises to the ceiling, as represented by arrows with feathered ends. On its way up it becomes impure by the exhalation of our bodies and lungs, and by the draft of the chimney is drawn off, from the upper part of the room, down through the ventilator, and is discharged into the chimney flue at the bottom of the room. If it entered the flue at the *top*, it would destroy the draft of the stove. In a room occupied by from three to six persons, the pipe should be seven inches in diameter, if round, if oval (as in the cut) ten inches by five, with a seven-inch round pipe, to connect it with the flue at the bottom of the room. If the room is large, eleven by five and a half inches connected with the flue by an eight-inch pipe is none too large. I have some thirty of them in operation, and none fail to do well. Some of them have been in use four years. A round, tin pipe, seven inches in diameter, costs from $2,50 to $3,00; if oval, about $4,00. All who have used it prize it very highly. I think it a better ventilator than an open fireplace. It is not patented, and is free to all. In rooms warmed by a furnace the ventilation should be from the bottom of the room, because the supply air being heated, it rises to the top of the room before it is used.

DAVID LYMAN.

Middlefield, Ct., Aug. 23, 1861.

SEAMLESS SHOE-UPPERS.—A patent has recently been taken out in England for making the leather uppers of shoes without seams, so as to save the expense of sewing, and, at the same time, obtain uppers that are never affected with the ripping-out disorder, which has become so common with uppers that are sewed with some machines. The method of making the seamless uppers is to cut them out the desired shape with the middle opening for the foot: then put each into a mold, where it is pressed into proper shape, ready for the last on which to sew the welt and sole. Shoes thus made are said to be more durable than most of those which have sewed uppers, and prove economical to the wearer.

SELECTING SEEDS.

It is perhaps well known to many farmers that one of the most certain methods of accelerating the ripening of vegetables, is to select, annually, the seeds of the most forward. Corn, wheat, potatoes, indeed, every variety of vegetable production, may in this way be advanced in forwardness, and with actual benefit to the crop, both as regards size and value. The following, from the Massachusetts Agricultural Society's Papers, demonstrates not only the practicability, but the high importance, also, of this rule. The account was communicated to the Trustees of the Society by a gentleman of well known veracity—Mr. James Freeman, Sept. 1st, 1805:

"To ascertain whether the ripening of seeds can be forwarded by sowing those which are the earliest ripe, I have made experiments, all of which have been successful, on several varieties. It will be sufficient to mention only one:

In the year 1801, I planted the *'case knife'* bean. The pods first formed, commonly those nearest the roots, were reserved, and when about the quantity of a peck were ripe, they were gathered on the same day. The largest and fairest of the seeds were planted the next year, and the first formed pods reserved as before. The same method has been pursued without any variation till the present year; by means of which, while the bean has not deteriorated in quality, the ripening of the seeds has been forwarded *twenty-six* days, as will appear from the following table:

	Planted.	Gathered.	No. of Days.
1801	May 20	Sept. 9	112
1802	May 11	Aug. 21	102
1803	May 10	Aug. 8	90
1804	May 8	Aug. 4	88
1805	May 6	July 31	86

In concluding his account of this interesting experiment, Mr. Freeman remarks:

"As in the second and following years I anticipated the time of planting the seeds, (by which means fourteen days have been gained in addition to the twenty-six above mentioned,) to determine what effect later planting would produce by giving the seeds more advantage from the heat of the summer, in 1804 and 1805 I put into the ground a quantity of seed about a week later than that which was first planted. The event which took place is exhibited in the following table:

	Planted.	Gathered.	No. of Days.
1804	May 14	Aug. 8	86
1805	May 13	Aug. 6	85

"As very little time has been gained in the present and preceding year, I suppose I have now reached, or nearly reached, the *'ne plus ultra.'*"

That is, that his trials would not carry him any further.

We have many farmers who have acquired an enviable notoriety for their liberal and judicious efforts to elevate the character of the agricultural profession, both by practical experiments and written precepts, who state that they have advanced the period of maturation in certain seeds, simply by selecting for seed, the ears of corn, or heads of seeds, which were first ripe. Where corn was originally by no means remarkable either for size or forwardness, it not only became early, but the number of ears was greatly increased, and their size large and well developed.

In cold climates, where early frost frequently proves injurious or fatal to the corn crop, accelerating the maturation of the grain in this way, would obviate much trouble, and not unfrequently, heavy losses. The selection of seed is by no means difficult, as it can be done as soon as the corn begins to ripen; a few bushels of ears being sufficient to supply a large farm. Wheat, peas, beans, barley, oats, rye, and indeed every description of grain, may be selected in the same way, and with equal facility and ease. Those only who have had practical evidence of the advantages of this course can appreciate the gratifying results consequent upon its adoption. There is probably no vegetable cultivated as food for man and beast which such a course will not modify, to some extent, for the better.

THE CHECK REIN.

When Stewpyd harnesses his horse for dragging brick up a grade, the horse's head is pulled back towards his tail and anchored there by the senseless and merciless check rein. The arrangement is unnatural, the animal is constrained by it. He must inevitably lose strength by it, for it disturbs the vital force, and induces an unnatural action in the muscles of the head, neck, shoulders and mouth. There is actually less energy and vigor left for the limbs and chest than there would be if the useless contrivance was jerked off and thrown over the nearest fence. If reason cannot teach this promptly to any man, just let him try the experiment by putting a martingale upon himself and go to wrestling, or putting a check in the jaws of a boxer that shall extend down his back to his belt.

Who beside the British use the check rein, saving their general imitators, the Americans? The French do not use it, the Germans do not, the Indians and Spaniards of South America, who literally live on horseback, and are perfect horsemen, do not, the Spaniards of Europe do not, nor do the Turks. The most observant and most natural people in the world are free from this mischievous error. It is strange to us, that the English and ourselves did not, years and years ago, reason upon the constantly witnessed fact, that when a check rein was loosed at a tavern-stoop or in a stable, the poor horse always stretched out his neck and hung down his head. That was his language for saying that the strap hurt and wearied him, and that he was heartily glad to be relieved from it.

The genius that first proposed the mechanical feat of lifting himself up by the breeches, must have been the author of the theory that the check rein held the horse up and kept him from falling. The mechanical action in the two cases must be precisely the same. If the reader will reflect for a moment, he will see that no suspending power

can be derived, except from without the animal. A post, tree or beam is just as indispensable to the support of a horse as to the support of a man intent on suicide. A horse can't hang himself up in the air by the terrets on his back, any more than a man can by pulling upwards at his neck-handkerchief.

The check rein should be abolished. It wastes motive power. Its use is unhealthy, for it disturbs the otherwise naturally and equally distributed vital forces. It shortens the life of the horse. It diminishes his speed, and lessens the free and quick action so essential to the animal's safety and that of his driver.

Brethren of the press, let us emancipate the horse from the British check rein.—*Buffalo Dem.*

REMARKS.—So say we. It is an instrument of torture. How would a man wheel a load up hill, or even on level ground, with a strap round his forehead and tied down under his heels! In drawing a load, the horse needs to throw the weight of his body forward, and in dropping the head it brings a considerable portion of his weight on a line with the load behind him, if he is loaded properly,—and then he is drawing his load at a longer angle than he otherwise would.

THE HABITS OF THE EARTH-WORM.

Being somewhat confined to the house, I shall endeavor to give an account of a well known animal. Nature exhibits wonders that surpass credulity, and yet many marvellous things are believed which are totally unfounded in fact. Among the rest, it is said of the subject of my discourse, (popularly termed the Earth-Worm,) that if it be cut in pieces, each piece will turn out a complete worm. This is not true any more than to say that the claw of a lobster, taken off, will produce another lobster. The lobster, up to a certain age, will indeed put forth another claw, and the excised claw will, for a long time, exhibit muscular irritability. Human beings, if history lies not, exhibit in their members the same muscular irritability after death, as Charlotte Corday was said to blush and frown when her head was in the hand of the executioner, who slapped the face. If a worm be cut through, in a particular part of his body, neither part can be made to survive; but if the tail part, for a considerable length, be cut off, that will exhibit muscular irritability for a long time, but ultimately perishes, while the head part will have its wound healed, and seems to get on very well without the other part. But, still, many things can be related of worms sufficiently wonderful, and we shall endeavor to prove that he has really a high organization. In fact, he is the most thorough ventilator known in nature, and requires constant supplies of food, water, and, above all, fresh air. We will relate how we became familiar with the habits of worms, so that some curious investigator may pursue these researches, and verify or disprove our conjectures. Being fond of fishing, and on some days being able to obtain any amount of worms, while on an emergency we often failed to obtain a sufficient supply, and being advised by old fishermen to put up a large supply of worms in meal, as they said, to purge them of the grit in their bodies, rendering them more palatable to the fish, we began to speculate on the subject. We concluded that they only swallowed grit on the principle, that a hungry boy would swallow cherry and grape stones, not that he liked them, but was unwilling to take time to separate pulp from seed, and so the worm, if he could get at meal or flesh unmixed with grit, would do so. So we obtained a box, pierced the bottom with holes, so small that the worms could not escape, but that water could drain out, filled up the box with a kind of sandy clay, embedded a brick on top of the clay, put in a handful of worms and kept them supplied with meal, blood or flesh sprinkled on top of the clay, and put the whole in a place secure from all kinds of animals, keeping a good supply of water in the box. The worms soon seemed at home in their new domicile, and honeycombed the clay soon with their galleries. The rapid disappearance of their food testified to their appetites, and they evidently used a great deal of water. They soon became too much our pets to think of devoting them to fish, and the following observations we made on their habits. Whether the British worm is like our earth worm, we know not. We have never seen them accurately delineated in print, and we are such an indifferent draftsman, that we cannot begin to draw one accurately.

Being a very poor naturalist, we cannot describe fully the parts of such delicate organs, as stomach, spiracles, organs of generation, ovaries, &c. We have often seen worms in such close contact, that we have concluded that impregnation takes place by a kind of pressing of the organs of generation lying in a sack under the stomach of the worm, and the semen of the male is thus ejected upon the ovaries of the female, mouth to mouth. However this matter takes place, the mother worm incorporates a jelly-like substance with earth, and in this deposites the spawn which comes out alive. So abundant are these spawn in some places, that hogs will eat the earth, and probably that is the kind of earth which certain tribes of savages are said to devour. The young worms soon form innumerable galleries in this earth, almost invisible to the naked eye, feeding upon the jelly, until large enough to provide for themselves. Each worm has a system of galleries for ventilation, and when near the surface of the earth, probably to avoid the effects of evaporation, they hide under a stone, brick, log, or any thing else partially embedded in the ground, with several galleries running outside of them to the air. How far they extend we know not, probably to running water, as we have seen worms thrown out near the bottom of a deep well. The walls of the galleries are cemented with a kind of glue from their bodies, so as to be air-tight, but not water tight. They are not exactly cylindrical, but are full of smooth cavities, so that the worm can fill them by his swelling out his body, and thus pull himself along by muscular power. No one can form an idea of the swiftness of a worm, under ground, by seeing him crawl on the earth, for he has not such cavities on the surface, as in his galleries, to fill up with his body and thus afford him a purchase by which to pull himself along. When he requires ventilation, he first rises to the surface of the earth to see that all his

galleries are clear, and then commences to pump air into the cavities, as he fits the cavity precisely by shortening and enlarging his body, he pushes out the foul air before him, and then converting each end of his body alternately into a piston and piston rod, by proper motion, he can send the air along the gallery in any direction that he pleases. He then descends, drawing the air along with him. Thus his gallery has constantly a supply of fresh air drawn into it, and the foul air pumped out. In some rivers in Virginia, there is a fish which never rises from the bottom, and unless the bait is kept on it, the fish will never bite. When the fish is caught, if his stomach be opened, fresh worms will be found in it, which shows that they get a plentiful supply at the bottom of the stream. Yet a worm cannot live long under water. Neither can an otter, but both can feed in it. The worm gets under some log at the bottom of the stream, running a gallery to the places haunted by the fish to feed, perhaps, on their spawn and excrements, or dead fish; then he constructs another to the bank, and thence to the air. He has a kind of cell under the log air tight, and upon the principle of a diving-bell, he pumps air into the cell under the log from the aperture in the bank, and thus furnishes himself with a supply of air; when he forages upon the fish ground and feeds, he retires to his cell to get a fresh supply of air; no doubt when seeking his food, under water, the fish catches him.—*South'n Planter.*

For the New England Farmer.

NOTES FROM MAINE.

The Weather.—It is really interesting to see from the notes on weather in the different agricultural journals, that while in one State they are suffering for rain, in a bordering State it will be the reverse of this. But here, in Maine, we do not have to go even to another New England State to find such a diversity, because among our hills one county will be parched with the "balmy breezes," and an adjoining county will be flooded with continual rain; though but little detriment, upon the whole, accrues from either extreme.

In this part of the State (Franklin County) the month of August has presented, almost uninterruptedly, the best of weather for haying—and this is the chief haying month, though there is haying going on all through the month of July. It has become quite dry, so much so that late crops will be injured somewhat, as well as potatoes particularly; yet others, such as corn, &c., will be benefited rather than otherwise, by hurrying them along.

From April to the middle of July, it was truthfully called a wet and cold season; not that there were severe and long rain storms, but frequent ones, just enough to keep it wet. The season has been a marked one for cool nights. There have been but few too warm to enable us to obtain good, refreshing sleep under a respectable amount of bed-clothes, in properly ventilated rooms of suitable size for sleeping in.

Stock Sales.—August brings the stock buyers of beef along, and they continue scouring through every nook and corner, as long as any cattle fit for beef are to be found; which usually extends to December and January; thus bringing a market to each farmer's door, however isolated he may seem to be among the hills. The speculators in stock, that is, those who buy low, for cash, or take them for debts, and sell on time at a large advance of prices, are busy now at their sure harvests. Beef and young stock are going at a low figure; not near paying for their winter's keep.

Frosts.—For three years, with the present one, that unwelcome visitor, frost, has visited the county both late in Spring, cutting down and destroying much, and early in the Fall. There was a frost August 20th, and another September 2d, doing considerable damage in low places to corn, potatoes and vines. There was a frost June 18th, cutting down squash-vines, and the like, and in some places marking corn.

Grain Aphis.—Innumerable numbers of these insects (new in this county, to any extent,) are preying upon the cereal grains. They appear in three classes or kinds—if that phrase is admissible—that is, one class of large brown ones; one medium sized, brown, and long winged; and one a grass green—the smallest. They are injuring some fields of grain materially. The description of them in any one place, in any of the agricultural papers, applies so nearly, that none need be given here.

The Hay Crop.—Much has been said and written about the abundant hay crop to be gathered this season. It it better than last year, but not what many anticipated. Many of the old fields have not yet recovered, so as to yield as well as before 1860, nor will they till plowed and seeded; and probably there has not been a year, for quite a series of years, that so much new seeded land failed "to catch" as in 1860. These drawbacks cut down the sum total of hay somewhat more than was expected; yet it is quite a good crop upon the whole. Some farms cut two and even three times as much as last year, and others not so much. These are the extremes, of course.

Shingling.—Judge French, in speaking of his shingles of clean rift shaved pine, in his "Letter from the Homestead," says the roof needed repairing after only about fifteen years' use. Now they have not lasted half as long as good shaved pine shingles do with us. Why is this? Does the tarred paper have a bad effect upon the roof by stopping the circulation of air so that the shingles do not dry on the under side, or were they shaved so thin and laid to the weather so much that they could not be expected to last long? How is this, Judge? O. W. True.

Elm Tree Farm, Sept., 1861.

Composts.—Compost materials may be gathered at this season in profusion, and at small expense. Muck, weeds, brakes, loam, refuse straw, and, indeed, every variety of material that is requisite to furnish a healthful and grateful food for plants, and a salutary strengthener of the soil. This is a department of the farming art to which sufficient attention has not as yet been given by our farmers. As he feeds his soil, so will his crops abound, and feed him.

For the New England Farmer.

"BEWARE OF DOGS."—St. Paul.

Such was St. Paul's admonition, and it is believed that the same caution is applicable in our time.

I have noticed with peculiar satisfaction, Mr. Editor, the remarks of your several correspondents on the canine race. For myself, I have never seen good reason why one man should be allowed to keep a dog to the injury or annoyance of his neighbor, to range through his neighbor's fields to the injury or inconvenience of that neighbor. Why should an unruly dog run at large any more than a bear or tiger? Why should not all animals be confined within the limits of their owner's enclosures?

Your correspondent, "J. C. D.," says, "I would not be understood to justify the keeping of ill-bred, ill-fed, and uncared for curs." "J. C. D." ought to know that a large majority of dogs in towns and cities are of this class. A well trained dog will keep at home, and not leave his master's grounds. Such an animal will injure no one. It is dogs that are permitted to roam abroad of which we complain. Every man, who wants a dog, should know the importance of keeping that dog at home. Why our city should, for the trifling sum of two dollars, permit a man to keep a dog to range the streets, bite men, women and children, or whatever falls within his reach, has ever been inexplicable to me. In the country the range for dogs is still more extended, and they have the privilege of doing more harm.

We hear of wonderful feats of dogs that have found lost children, lost cattle, saved grown people and children from being drowned. Suppose one dog out of a million to have performed such feats. What is that to the immense injury that the race may have done? How many persons have been bitten by mad dogs, and have suffered the most excruciating deaths! Instead of two dollars being the tax for keeping a dog, the fee should be two hundred dollars, and the owner put under bonds to make good all damages, and pay a heavy fine, if the dog be found at large, unaccompanied by his master.

A well educated dog or cat may be desirable for some families; but let them be kept at home, and not allowed to roam about. I repeat it, that a dog ranging through farms, villages or cities, is a great nuisance, which should be abated by the action of our Legislature at its first session.

Boston, Sept. 5, 1861. DELTA.

DISAPPOINTMENT IS DISCIPLINE.

"Well, all disappointment is discipline; and received in a right spirit, it may prepare us for better things elsewhere. It has been said that heaven is a place for those who failed on earth. The greatest hero is perhaps the man who does his very best, and signally fails, and still is not embittered by the failure. And looking at the fashion in which an unseen Power permits wealth and rank and influence to go sometimes in this world, we are possibly justified in concluding that in His judgment the prizes of this Vanity Fair are held as of no great account. A life here, in which you fail of every end you seek, yet which disciplines you for a better, is assuredly not a failure."

We copy the above from among the striking thoughts which occur on almost every page of those attractive and instructive books, "*The Recreations of a Country Parson.*" This single thought, that "*all* disappointment is discipline," may cheer on many a weary pilgrim in his tedious pathway to the grave,—and through the dim vista, show him a better life, unclouded by the fears and sufferings that surround him here.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

PIGS IN CLOVER.

I have a pen of pigs some four months old, which I am feeding for slaughtering this fall, and wish to inquire which will be the better way—to allow them the privilege of running in a fine fresh field of clover of about an acre, and feeding them there, or confining them closely in the sty? In other words, will the advantage which they will have of eating the clover counterbalance the lack of manure which they would manufacture in the sty? I might state, by the way, that the clover-plat is a place I am desirous of enriching, designing it for roots, another season.

W. J. PETTEE.

Salisbury, Ct., Sept. 5, 1861.

REMARKS.—We have no doubt that you will get more pork and more real value in manure, by keeping the pigs in a commodious pen, where they can come to the ground or retire to a dry bed at will. Cut and feed to them the fresh clover twice or three times each day; give them a little salt as often as they will eat it, and as much nutritious food as they will take with a good appetite, and they will afford you the means of enriching the clover field, provided you keep them supplied with muck and suitable litter to receive all their waste.

RACCOONS.

Being a reader of the *Farmer*, and having noticed that through the medium of its valuable columns you are willing to impart useful knowledge to all its perusers, I would thank you, or some correspondent, to imform me of the best method of keeping raccoons out of my corn-fields without keeping a dog, and paying a tax on him, to hunt them? They are breaking down and destroying from half a bushel to a bushel of ears of corn every night. ADIN WHITAKER.

Wendell, Sept. 4, 1861.

REMARKS.—We used to enjoy rare sport in taking raccoons of a moonlight night, when the 'coons had become fat. No better haunch ever graced the table than that of a young, fat raccoon. But we had a good dog in the neighborhood which was trained for the purpose of hunting 'coons. We do not know any mode of trapping them—perhaps some of our correspondents may aid you.

SPRING AND WINTER WHEAT.

The question is asked by some Massachusetts farmers who are getting interested in the raising of wheat, whether spring wheat can be used for fall sowing.

What is the difference between spring and winter wheat?

Please answer in next week's *Farmer*?

Sept. 4, 1861. L. B.

REMARKS.—There is probably no difference between spring and winter wheat, except what comes by habit. It would not be well to sow spring wheat in the fall, because it has acquired, by some means, the habit of growing best in the fall. And so of fall wheat and of rye.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE BUNCE STRAWBERRY.

Being somewhat interested in the culture of the strawberry, I wish to ask a few questions concerning the Bunce strawberry, and the great crop of it grown by the Messrs. Bunce, and should feel obliged if they would answer them.

1. How was the ground prepared—had it been trenched or subsoiled, or was it simply plowed?
2. How much manure was applied?
3. What distance apart were the plants set?
4. What was the mode of cultivation? Were the runners cut, or allowed to run into a thick mass?

I suppose that some of your readers have before this time tried the Triomph de Gand strawberry, and should be pleased to have them give their opinion of its merits.

WARTS ON HORSES.

One of your readers wants a remedy for warts on horses. A strong solution of alum applied daily, will cure warts on cattle, why not on horses? but if it should fail, muriatic acid will not; apply perhaps a drop at a time, put it on with a pointed stick being careful not to get any of it either upon the horse's flesh, or your own, and keep it out of the way of children; a few applications it of will be sufficient. If carefully used it is a perfectly safe and effectual remedy. TYRO.

Worcester Co., Sept., 1861.

DISTEMPER AMONG TURKEYS—GERMAN TURNIPS.

Mr. Wilcox inquires if any of your readers have been troubled with a distemper among their turkeys. I have not, but have had them die in the same way as he describes, and have found that it is caused by a louse on top of the head which eats in so that is difficult to be found unless taken in season; but that may not be the case with his. The turkey's heads must be oiled.

One of your subscribers complains that he did not receive any of the German turnip seed of Mr. Coy. I sent stamps and received the seed, so it's no humbug. C. W. MARSH.

Holden, Sept. 9.

SMART PULLETS.

I see you have kindly published my account of profit and loss in raising poultry, which I hope may be a benefit to all poultry raisers, as I believe what has been done, can be done again. I now give you a rare case. I have four of this year's pullets that commenced laying about the 20th of July. One of them laid about one dozen eggs and then set, brought out six chickens on the 29th of August, and all doing finely. The other three continue to lay—Shanghai breed, and smart at that. JAMES BUFFINGTON.

Salem, Sept., 1861.

THE KETCHUM MOWER OF 1861.

Can you, or any of your subscribers who have used the Ketchum Mower for 1861, inform me whether they work better than those of 1860? Whether they are less likely to clog, and whether the swing shoe enables the machine to mow closer on rough ground? If you, or any of your subscribers can answer these questions, you will confer a favor on a SUBSCRIBER.

Thetford, Vt., Sept. 2, 1861.

REMARKS.—We have never seen the *Improved Ketchum Mower* in operation, or heard it described. If those who have used it will reply to "Subscriber," we will publish their answer.

MR. COY VINDICATED.

I would like to say that I think Mr. William Orton's caution in regard to the Sweet German turnip seed is useless. I think his letter or the seed must have miscarried, for I sent a few stamps, and received seed enough for nearly half an acre. I am very much pleased with them, and I would like to know if I can set them in the spring and get seed in season for sowing; if not, I shall have to send for more seed. I would rather raise four bushels of them than one of carrots.

New Worcester, Sept., 1861. H. T. GATES.

REMARKS.—See also the letter of Mr. Marsh in this column.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

Dr. Wallich, who accompanied the Bull Dog as naturalist in the recent survey of the North Atlantic, for the proposed telegraph line, made a remarkable discovery. Nearly midway between the north of Ireland and Cape Farewell, soundings were obtained of twelve hundred and sixty fathoms. The sounding apparatus, which was of a very perfect description, brought to the surface a large mass of coarse muddy matter, no less than ninety-five per cent. of which consisted of the shelly remains of Globigerina, a genus of Foraminifera—thus testifying that the ocean floor at that locality must be paved by countless millions of these animals, some of which were alive. But more marvellous still, from this great depth, the sounding-line brought up starfish in full activity, radiant with beauty, which probably enjoyed life though subjected to the enormous pressure of a ton and a half on the square inch. This most interesting discovery shows that no limit of life can be drawn in the sea. It has been found that the air on the summit of Etna, twelve thousand feet above the sea level, abounds with Diatomaceæ; and now the ocean, at a depth of upward of seven thousand feet, and about five hundred miles from Greenland, is found to teem with animals which have hitherto been supposed capable of living only in much shallower water.

HOW TO CLEAR LAND OF BRUSH.

Our pastures are encroached upon by shrubs and trees of inferior growth, making nestling places for weeds, and shading much land which otherwise would produce grass. We prefer to use the brush hook, and cut up everything, to lay the dry brush over the stubs and burn it. If sheep are kept on the lot afterwards, they will feed down the young growth which starts from the roots, for the most part, and a scythe will keep under the remainder. A correspondent of the *Homestead* gives his views as follows:

"This is often a problem of much importance, and the solution of it is attended in some sections with much difficulty and expense. After cutting and burning the brush piled up in heaps, many think the best and perhaps the only mode of extermination is plowing and thorough tillage. This is an effectual remedy, and where circumstances will admit, a good one. But there are many fields that cannot be treated in this manner. Either the occupant cannot sustain the requisite expense, or impediments to plowing stand in the way.

"In many sections there are large quantities of land now comparatively useless, that would, if the brush is destroyed, be valuable for grazing. Last year I tried burning the land over without cutting the brush, and have been so well pleased with the result that I wish to recommend the practice to others, and also draw out the experience and opinions of others. Now is the time, as soon as the ground is dry enough. The fire runs best in the middle of the day. From a single experiment I have come to the conclusion that fire running over the land a few consecutive years will run out the brush, and the land be benefited by the operation, especially if a top-dressing of gypsum or something else be applied afterwards."—*Journal of Agriculture.*

PRODUCT OF MILCH COWS.

A dairyman somewhat noted for producing a large amount of cheese annually from his dairy, said to us in a recent conversation, that one of the secrets of his success in this respect was the careful manner in which he treated his herd. His cows were driven to the stables leisurely. No dogs were used for the purpose of driving the cows, and persons in his employ who were caught striking or in any way abusing a cow, were discharged on the instant. Let the cows have an abundance of food, and take their time in coming to the barn, especially in hot weather, milk clean and regularly, and from fifty to a hundred pounds more cheese can be made per cow, during the season, than when the animals are dogged out of the field night and morning, or kicked and pounded and frightened for every little mistake they are supposed to make. Some people make a great mistake in overstocking, and too little attention is given to the treatment of stock, summer and winter. The dairyman should consider a moment whether 30 cows yielding 600 pounds of cheese per cow, are not as profitable as 40 cows whose annual produce is 400 pounds per cow; and yet hundreds of dairymen seldom if ever think of this matter, but go on after the old manner, trusting to luck for an increase in dairy products over that of former years.—*Dairy Farmer.*

ROOTS.—All roots should be housed before the weather becomes severely cold. Cabbages, turnips, beets, onions, carrots and parsnips will need looking after soon; but the first two may be allowed to remain out as long as there is no danger of their being frozen in.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE UNLUCKY THROW.

When I was a boy, like most other boys, I often did idle and foolish things. One day, for instance, as I was walking up street, I saw a broken china tea-cup in the road. Picking it up, instead of letting it alone, as I ought to have done, I began to toss it into the air. This I did several times, trying to throw it higher with each new effort.

At last, thinking to toss it as high as the cornices of the houses, I threw it with great energy. Alas for me! My arm struck my side, and the unlucky piece of china went crashing through the window of a dwelling-house.

Without thinking of my *duty*, I took counsel of my *fears* only, and ran home as fast as my feet could carry me. Nor did I either pause or look back until I turned a corner.

Shortly after this misfortune the son of the man whose window I had broken came home from play. Seeing the window broken, he stood outside, with his hands in his pockets, looking at it. A man passing said, "Your father will think you broke that window, my little fellow, and he'll tickle your back with a raw hide."

"No he won't," said the boy calmly, "for I shall tell him I didn't do it."

"You may tell him so, but will he believe you?" rejoined the man.

"He always believes what I say!"

That was nobly said, and it was just so. That boy wore a diamond called truth on his heart, and his father knew that he could safely trust him.

Where was I? Well, I sneaked home, feeling that I had done a mean act in not going right to the owner of the house and confessing my misfortune.

For several days I carried my secret with me. It was like wearing a belt of burrs round my waist. It pained me badly. I was in torments, too, lest somebody had seen me and should, after all, tell my father.

At last my secret was dragged out. A person who knew me had seen me break the window and had told the owner of the house about me. That gentleman knew my father, and the first time he saw him told him what I had done. My father paid for setting a new square of glass, and on his return home called me to his side.

His face wore a stern expression. I trembled and blushed like a culprit, for I guessed he had found me out. Looking right in my eye, he said:

"Peter, did you break Mr. Comerford's window a few days ago?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, holding down my head.

"What did you do that for?" asked my father, with less sternness in his manner.

The worst of my load was now gone. That secret mill-stone which had been crushing me was now rolled off, and I told my father all about the affair.

"Peter, my boy," said my father, after hearing my story, "I am glad you did not deny your guilt. I regret you did not play the man when your misfortune happened, by going to Mr. Comerford at once. But I honor you for frankly and truthfully answering my question. I have paid for the window. Go. Be more careful hereafter about tossing old china in the street, and, above all, if you ever should be unlucky or foolish enough to meet with a similar accident don't run away like a sneak. Act the part of a thoroughly honest boy, and own your fault at once."

I promised I would, and I tried to keep my promise. The advice my father gave me I commend to you, hoping that you will remember that it is honest, noble, and manly to confess a fault, while to conceal is to act the part of a coward.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

A RUINED CHARACTER.

Not long since, in a certain neighborhood, a man was wandering in search of employment. He called at a respectable farmer's house, and told his errand.

"What is your name?" asked the man.

"Jonathan Gilman," was the reply.

"Jonathan Gilman, the same that lived near here when a boy?"

"The same, sir."

"I will not employ you then."

Poor Jonathan, surprised at such a reply, passed on to the next farmer's; but the same reply was given. He soon came in sight of an old school-house.

"Ah!" said he, "I understand it now. I was a school-boy there once, but what kind of a school-boy? Lazy and disobedient. Although I am now in a measure reformed, they all think me the same kind of a man as I was a boy. O, that I had done my duty when at school—then again could I dwell pleasantly in the land of my birth."

School-boys and school-girls, please remember that your school-mates will be likely to look upon you in manhood or womanhood as they did in youth. Then, in your schooldays, prepare for noble men and noble women.—*The Gem.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

I CAN HARDLY KEEP MY BOY HOME EVENINGS.

What will he do then when he is older? queried we, as we heard a father speak thus of his little son, only seven years old. *Why* can he not keep him at home? Ay! here is the difficulty, he is a very restless, active boy, and cannot sit still five minutes unless his mind is diverted with some childish amusement. He is very fond of pictures, but his mother complains that he is too much trouble when attending to them; he wants the table or wall covered with them, or if drawing them, wants too much of her attention to encourage him.

Poor boy, his mind is filled with none of the perplexing cares and plans that employ the mother's, but is in search of something to occupy it.

Is it wise, mothers, to discourage the little ones from attending to innocent, fireside amusements, because that to encourage them requires time and attention? What mother would not rather spend half an hour every evening in making drawings or some other amusement agreeable and attractive to her little boy, thereby cultivating a love of home and home pleasures, than in after years to find him seeking entertainment and companions abroad, most likely among the dissolute and degraded, because he has no love of home, and can find no enjoyment there? Do not many mothers err in this matter, and afterwards wonder why they cannot keep their children at home?—*Mother's Journal.*

THE POWER OF LOVE.

To the hearts of all us women, love is a necessity; and a man who understands that, has a power in his hands. Many have neglected it and many have grossly misused it. Where and how your husbands have failed, it is not for me to decide; one thing only I will say to you. My late husband told me one day of a King of Spain, on whose foot a burning cinder fell out of the fire. He would have thrown it off, but it occurred to him that it was not seemly for a king to do so; he therefore called his minister. The minister said that it was not his business, and gave the command to one of the pages; the page was of noble birth, and therefore called a chamberlain; but before he could come the cinder had burnt the shoe through to the foot. Dear lady, when a grief, like a red-hot cinder, falls upon your heart, do not stop, thinking whose proper duty it is to remove it, otherwise your heart may be burnt through and through. Seize it boldly, with our Lord's help, and throw it away, even though finger and thumb should be a little burnt; that hurt will soon heal.—*Matrimonial Quarrels.*

Pin Money.—The origin of "pin money" was as follows: Toward the close of the fifteenth century, an epoch that makes a transition style in the dress of ladies, pins were looked upon with great favor as New Years' gifts. They displaced the old wooden skewer, previously used to fasten ladies' dresses, which no effort of skill, no burnishing of embellishment, could convert into a sightly appendage. Pins, in that simple age of the world, were luxuries of high price, and the gift was frequently compounded for in money, an allowance that became so necessary to the wants of ladies of quality, that it resolved itself at last into a regular stipend, very properly called "pin money."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Unmarried Ladies.—The single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much, likewise, of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. The single woman is as important an element of social and private happiness as the married woman. The utilities of each are different; but it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly feeling, and discreditable to every just one, to depreciate the unmarried condition.